THE LIVING AGE

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1925

Protect Us from Protection
BY
A BRITISH ECONOMIST

A Hot Time in Chile

Something from Russia
BY
A RED RACONTEUR

Your Usurious Uncle Sammy

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MY AFRICAN NEIGHBORS

MAN, BIRD, AND BEAST IN NYASALAND

By HANS COUDENHOVE

DURING his long years of residence in Nyasaland, one of Africa's least-explored regions, Hans Coudenhove has studied with a keen eye and friendly spirit the ways of man, beast and bird. These are not the swiftly-born conclusions of a traveler and explorer, therefore, but rather the settled opinions of one who has made the heart of the Dark Continent his home. Coudenhove has lived among its people so long that he knows, not only their manners and customs, but also their mental processes.

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Among the chapters are Folk and Folk Ways, The Negro Mind, Feminism in Nyasaland, Only Mongooses, In the Myombo Forest.

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THE LIVING AGE

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THIS WEEK

EVEN if Chile possessed no other virtues, the fact that she has no middle class would alone be enough to qualify her as the twentieth-century Utopia. But of course it is only natural that a country with such a big head-start on the rest of us should excel in other ways. *Alice Schalek* witnessed the triumphal return of President Alessandri, a ceremony replete with impressive episodes. When the official train pulled into the station, the engineer stopped his cab in the midst of the assembled dignitaries, leaving the President and his wife to be greeted by a horde of howling proletarios, eight cars down the line. The Madam promptly fainted, but revived in time to hear her husband make a speech of such eloquence that Miss Schalek understood it all, though she did not know the meaning of many of the words he used. Then, after a day of tumultuous acclamation, when an enterprising movie-house rupted a Bill Hart thriller with pictures of the festivities, the audience showed a splendid sense of proportion by greeting this uncalled-for feature with derisive hoots.

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One cannot help wondering where the gracious *M. Dumont-Wilden* discovered that the American Red Cross did not feed any Belgian refugees during the War, but that every crumb consumed was paid for in full by the Belgian Government. This same gentleman is one of those charming fellows who ask with all the innocence in the world why the Versailles Treaty is not carried out to the letter. Evidently he does not face the economic realities as the London *Economic Review* sees them, or he would not expect Germany to pay very much if nobody will trade with her. Our own Senator Butler, who, as luck will have it, is mildly interested in cotton, will also enjoy this article. How, asks our anonymous economist, can any nation expect to set up tariff bars, exclude foreign competition, and drive a whooping trade abroad?

It is a wonder that this country is able to hold its head up even as well as it does with such clever rascals as *Abel Hermant* poking fun at our barbaric customs. From the Olympian heights of the Parisian boulevards he impales our unfortunate Fundamentalists on shafts of ridicule with such deadly effect that only heartless sophisticates like Mencken, Darrow, and the learned Scopes can possibly enjoy the gruesome spectacle.

❦ ❦ ❦

Kurt Münzer comes close to being a German Ring Lardner in his perspicacious study of tourists of various types. He does, to be sure, avoid the Teutonic equivalent of baseball slang, and his final paragraphs about the solitary poet may be a trifle romantic, but he rings true throughout.

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We are running one of those quiet Bolshevist bedtime stories that lull the little Reds to sleep of a summer evening. Our hero's name is Philip Barbaryka, and he woke up one morning to find that he had suddenly become a Bolshevik, whiskers and all. So for five years he worked for the New Day, and was finally put in charge of a farm. Here lived a crazy old man who believed that people did not have to be in a crowd to enjoy themselves, thereby flouting the doctrines of Lenin and, for that matter, of all other leaders of Community singing. One day he foolishly broached this heresy to Philip, who naturally hit him over the head with a pot and killed him. It is hardly necessary to add that the homicide was considered entirely justified, but the members of the court were sticklers and they took Philip's job away from him. He spent the rest of his life spitting and swearing and digging for an Ingersoll watch with Radiolite hands that his father had buried somewhere or other. But he never found it.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 326 — *SEPTEMBER 12, 1925* — NO. 4236

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

TO TALK OVER SECURITY

DIPLOMATIC negotiations are still so secret that the press often misinterprets their motives from their substance. We may hope, therefore, that reciprocal concessions and agreements of which the public is not aware lie behind the last Anglo-French Note on the Security Pact and Germany's acceptance of an invitation to discuss its terms. As it stands, the Anglo-French reply has little support in Great Britain, either from the Right, the Left, or the Centre, and it would be difficult to say which of these is the more antagonistic.

The *Saturday Review* says that to allow France to go to war on her own initiative in the event of even a 'flagrant' breach of the Pact by Germany, without submitting the case to arbitration by the League or any other body, would be a 'betrayal of the Covenant.'

The Covenant of the League of Nations stipulates that no member of the League shall go to war until the League Council, or some other conciliatory body, has failed to settle the dispute. Many countries felt that the Covenant was incomplete, in that it considered war as legal after arbitration or conciliation had failed. They therefore produced the Protocol, which ruled out war in any circumstances, except as a sanction against a Covenant-breaking State. Mr. Chamberlain rejected the Protocol, but suggested in its place the Security Pact, one of the stipulations of which is to be, if reports of the London discussions are accurate, that its signatories will be allowed to go to war, in the event of an alleged 'flagrant' breach of the Pact, without awaiting the Council's decision at all. Thus the scheme substituted for the Protocol — itself elaborated because the Covenant was deemed insufficient — is to be, not an improvement on the Covenant, but a definite retrograde step away from it.

The Nation and the Athenæum thinks it not unlikely that the Pact negotiations may break down when the vital stage of the conference with the Germans has been reached. But it would regard that outcome philosophically.

If this occurs, without unnecessary acrimony, there will be no cause for lamentation. The problem is a thorny one, and the explorations which have been made have already produced instructive results. We are not without hope that they may have tended to reconcile Germany to the

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idea of joining the League, since the last German Note appealed repeatedly to the formulas of the Covenant as preferable to those put forward by France. A decision by Germany to enter the League, and to seek from within to develop its procedure and institutions, would, in our judgment, contribute far more to European peace and stability than any pact. Britain has, indeed, no reason to desire a pact for its own sake.

The *New Statesman* says that the present negotiations are on a different footing from ordinary diplomatic conversations, 'because they involve two factors which are not under the control of the negotiators — namely, British public opinion and German public opinion. This Pact project is not a matter that can be settled over our heads.' That journal does not believe that Parliament and public opinion in Great Britain will ever concede to France what Mr. Chamberlain is rumored to have conceded — the right to determine alone in certain cases what constitutes a breach of the Treaty of Versailles, and to employ military force against Germany on that ground. It is more hopeful that a temporary compromise may be reached regarding Germany's risks under Article 16 of the League Covenant, which would obligate her as a member of that body to join in action against a third Power defying the League, although she has no army to defend her borders.

✤

A NEW VIEW OF THE LEAGUE

EVERY reappearance of the League upon the stage of public affairs provokes a new diagnosis of its health. The London *Outlook* thinks it is gradually shrinking to the dimensions of a purely European institution.

The League of Nations was not founded to be an organ of purely European opinion. It was intended to comprehend the whole world, and has learned to restrict its functions through a series of painful experiences — the abstention of the United States, the refusal of Japan and China to place their destinies in the hands of European statesmen, and the reluctance of the South American States to thrash out their differences to Geneva. Hence the major issues that have confronted successive Assemblies of the League have been European issues, and last year's discussions on the Protocol made it clear that even these were beyond the League's capacity unless the German point of view were adequately presented. In a sense this is a victory for the League over the Allies, where again the Council of Ambassadors intervened for the last time over the Corfu incident and has never recovered the prestige that it then lost.

Proceeding from this text, the writer points out that the breach made in the barrier of Teutonic States that stretched across Europe from the North Sea to the Adriatic until 1918 has brought the Slavs and the Latins into direct contact for the first time in their history. Notwithstanding the recent accords between Yugoslavia and Italy, 'the Italians have discovered a new potential adversary in place of the Austrian oppressors; the Slavs have found a new opponent in their secular struggle for unimpeded access to the sea . . . In Northern Europe indeed a common hatred of the Teuton has brought Latin and Slav into alliance, but in Southern Europe, where both are free, they confront one another like wrestlers manœuvring for an opening.'

This is a danger with which, in the writer's opinion, the League is clearly unable to deal. Russia's absence paralyzes it. The Slavs still occupy the status of an invading race in Europe, irresistibly pressing toward the sea. They will therefore of historical necessity raise the new territorial issues that the League will have to solve if it fulfills its primary function. But the more definitely the League accepts its status

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as a regulator of European affairs, the less competent it will be to handle the Slav problem.

The League has no force behind it. It can only appeal to the tradition of European solidarity, and that tradition is based on the faith of the Roman Empire. The Slav had no part in that Empire, differing in this respect from the German who was at least half-Romanized, and has therefore no share in its tradition. Let Geneva emphasize the common factors in European civilization and the Slav will feel himself alien to them. It would be consonant with the irony of history if the League, founded to ensure peace, became the citadel of the West in its age-long conflict with the East.

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COMPARING CITIES

American architecture — especially its engineering aspects — and American city-planning have of late been receiving unwonted attention abroad. Several articles on these subjects, some of them attaining the scope of comprehensive surveys, have appeared in the German press. Just now the British papers are occupied with the report of Mr. Topham Forrest, Superintending Architect to the London County Council, who recently visited the United States under instructions from that body to study our handling of these problems. A review of his report in the London *Spectator* emphasizes the importance of zoning, and lays some stress upon the happy situation of American municipalities as compared with London, for example, in respect to their original plans and their still extensive undeveloped areas. 'The main thoroughfares of New York are one hundred feet wide, the side streets are sixty, while, incredible as it may seem, the average width of the streets of London is twenty-eight feet.' Mr. Forrest recommends that no concessions be made in respect to permitting the erection of higher buildings in London. He would make the extreme limit one hundred and twenty feet. 'It must be remembered that London is seven hundred miles further north than New York, and that consequently the sun casts a greater shadow.' What especially impressed Mr. Forrest was our municipal art-commissions, with their wide powers and real control over city improvements. 'The general appearance of American cities has gained enormously by the activities of these commissions, and their utility becomes every year more generally recognized, and their work more widely appreciated.'

But Old England still finds some grounds for complacency. Her ancient towns may 'seem squalid and fussy affairs compared with the order, beauty, and convenience of their American counterparts,' but the new housing-schemes initiated in Great Britain since the war compare very favorably with similar undertakings in America. 'Making due allowance for the higher standard of living in the United States, which means that what is considered working-class accommodation there would be suitable for middle-class occupation here, the planning and appearance of our small houses is superior to those in America. The sanitary and kitchen fittings are better in that country, but they also cost much more money.'

✦

DAYTON ECHOES

Echoes of the Dayton trial are still audible here and there abroad. *The Month*, an English periodical conducted under the auspices of the Jesuit Fathers, thus expresses the attitude of the Catholic Church on this question: 'Her belief in the inspiration of God's word cannot be shaken by scientific discoveries, in making which indeed her members have been among the

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foremost; nor does she deny well-supported scientific truth — the case of Galileo only illustrates the fact — because it seems opposed to revelation. She has never forbidden the teaching of evolution in her schools, because, employing always Catholic teachers, she knows that no theory of human origins will be taught that contradicts either scientific or revealed truth.'

The London *Outlook*, speaking presumably of the Protestant press, says: —

One or two of the more ignorant papers still write about evolution as though it were an accursed invention of the Devil that should be suppressed by interdict from Lambeth; but one detects some faint accents of timidity behind the truculence, as though the writers were uneasily aware that nobody would pay much attention. The majority of the clerical writers skirt round the subject, hinting a discreet but somewhat diffident doubt rather than venturing to express any real opinion, and sometimes suggest that although the historical value of the first chapter of Genesis is nil its symbolic value is great. I confess that the logic of this attitude escapes me. One understands the value of a symbol that represents something real, or which refers to some historic event. But a symbol that is used simply to indicate that an historic event did not happen in the way it was said to happen is not really a symbol at all, but a handicap to clear thinking.

*

EJECTING ALIENS

GERMAN–POLISH relations have been aggravated by the expulsion from the latter country of German residents who have elected to retain their German citizenship, as they were entitled to do under the Treaty settlements. This is part of the general effort to eliminate from the map of Europe and Western Asia areas where hostile populations dwell intermingled with each other — a process certain to be accompanied by hardship and injustice. Undoubtedly the German refugees from Poland have suffered. Presumably far worse conditions have attended the interchange of populations between Turkey and Greece, and Greece and Bulgaria. Foreign Minister Stresemann has pointed out that while Poland took the view that German residents in Polish territories who elected to remain Germans must return to Germany and Polish residents in Germany must return to Poland, the German Government held that return was optional and voluntary. The question was submitted to arbitration and the Polish view won the day. So Poland is legally within her rights; but that does not lessen the irritation the incident has aroused.

Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung prints a letter from a German resident of Poland who criticizes impartially all parties to the incident. He accuses the German people of remaining indifferent while 'more than a million of their fellow Germans were driven, under conditions purposely made as hard as possible for them, from their homes and property and from the pursuits that gave them their daily bread.' When it was known that these people would be forced to leave Poland no preparations were made for that contingency. The number who would be forced to migrate was not ascertained. German residents in Poland refused to believe that the order would be carried out. Many who elected to remain Germans and were therefore subject to expulsion from the country did not even inform their own families what they had done. Germans who considered it wiser to choose Polish citizenship took it upon themselves to warn their fellow Germans against heedlessly electing to retain their German allegiance. 'But any number of heads of families turned a deaf ear to repeated cautions. Later, when they were in despair over what was about to happen to them, their only explanation

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of their action was that they were afraid they might not get their furniture into Germany free of duty, or that they reckoned on the possibility of being paid some compensation.' Furthermore, although those who would be compelled to leave the country were forewarned for weeks and months of what would happen, they put off their departure until the last moment.

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A NOTE FROM EGYPT

EGYPT is having a little Dayton trial of her own. The Regents of Al Azhar University, the great Moslem institution at Cairo, have convicted a learned sheik for heresy on account of the liberal views he expressed in a recent book on *Islam and the Principles of Government*. The author argued that the Moslem code is intended solely as a guide to personal conduct and not for incorporation in public statutes, and that the caliphate has never been an essential and indispensable Islamic institution. Mohammedan Fundamentalists are up in arms over these heresies, and the action of the Egyptian Government in the matter is being watched with intense interest by members of the faith.

A Cairo correspondent of *Journal de Genève* thinks that the fictitious independence that Egypt enjoys at present is worse for her than outright British rule. 'It involves all the limitations of national sovereignty, all the offense to native pride and self-respect that accompanies any foreign occupation, but it sacrifices the compensating material advantages of direct British administration, and the personal security and the respect for law that a vigorous colonizing Power would enforce.'

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ECONOMICS IN THE WORKSHOP

THE British Association for Education in Industry and Commerce has just issued a report upon the industrial-administration courses provided for the employees of the great cocoa-manufacturers, Cadbury Brothers, Limited, at their model town of Bourneville in the suburbs of Birmingham. These classes are open to all sections of the employees, but are limited in size to between twenty-five and forty students, in order that those enrolled may receive individual attention. Each class meets twice weekly, between 5.30 and 7 P.M., and tea is provided on the premises between 5 and 5.30. Fees are charged, but these are returned to employee-students whose attendance record is eighty-five per cent or more. Some of the lecturers are responsible officials of the firm and others are experts procured from outside. The first year's course is as follows: —

(1) Economic organization of industry (fifteen to eighteen lectures); (2) A limited company; (3) Law of Contract; (4) The Factory Acts; (5) Employers' Liability and Workmen's Compensation; (6) Industrial legislation (Truck Acts, Trade Board Acts, and so forth); (7) Industrial negotiations and agreements; (8) Wages systems (regarded as a development of 7); (9) Scientific management and planning (three lectures); (10) Records and statistics; (11) Management by committee; (12) Factory management (two or three lectures); (13) Problems of labor and machinery; (14) Factory wastes; (15) Raw materials (a series of about half a dozen lantern lectures); (16) Outline of manufacturing processes (two lantern lectures); (17) Factory dangers, or 'Safety first'; (18) Scientific problems arising in the factory; (19) The planning and erection of a modern factory; (20) Engineering problems of maintenance, and so forth; (21) Conducted visits to power station, planning office, statistical office, and so forth, to illustrate the corresponding sections of the lecture syllabus; and occasional

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visits to other factories. Whenever possible, specimens, diagrams, charts, and such are used for illustrative purposes in addition to slides.

The second-year syllabus comprises recent industrial history, psychology, some further lectures on industrial law, costing, advertising, buying, and an outline of the work of the selling sections of the business, both home and export. New topics, such as recent scientific and engineering developments and their economic results, present themselves from time to time.

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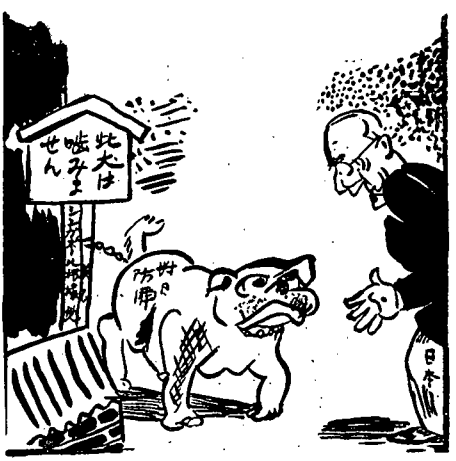
MINOR NOTES

THE American film, after being severely buffeted in Great Britain and Europe, and even among our Latin-American neighbors, as an inciter to crime, is now pilloried before the court of public opinion in Japan. Whether Hollywood is responsible, however, for the latest example of the influence of the movie show upon the adolescent mind is left in some doubt in the following paragraph from the *Japanese Weekly Chronicle:* 'It is well known that some of the most successful brigand leaders in China are Japanese, and apparently the delights and thrills of brigandage are the theme of some popular cinematograph films in Japan. Owing, it is said, to this inspiration coupled with an overstrict home discipline, Takeshi, aged seventeen, son of Viscount Irie, Director of the Imperial Treasury Bureau, and Takashi, aged fifteen, son of Major-General Kutsutani, left their homes together on the fourteenth instant. Young Kutsutani, however, carelessly left a clue behind, his parents finding this entry in a notebook: "On arrival in Manchuria, first of all to buy two horses, two pistols, two suits of Russian clothes. . . ." In consequence of this carelessness both boys were caught in Korea and restored to their homes.'

THE SINGAPORE NAVAL BASE



A Harmless Pet? — *Korea News*

LABOR, CAPITAL, AND BALDWIN

Design for a Monument to Industrial Peace, 1925. — *Saturday Review*, London

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A POLITICAL HOLIDAY IN CHILE[1]

BY ALICE SCHALEK

[ALTHOUGH the return of President Alessandri to Chile after a period of enforced retirement abroad is already an ancient episode in the swiftly moving panorama of Latin-American affairs, this description of his reception at Santiago and its political background is of current interest. For Chile, whose domestic politics may influence the smooth running of the Tacna-Arica plebiscite, and may in turn be profoundly affected by the outcome of the voting there, promises to remain in the public eye for some time to come.]

SINCE Napoleon returned to Paris from Elba, no national ruler has had such a brilliant and enthusiastic reception as Chile has just given Mr. Alessandri.

Although only two hundred admission tickets to the railway station were supposed to have been issued, more than four thousand people crowded its waiting-rooms and platforms several hours before the presidential train arrived. Every civic society and trade organization in the city had sent a delegation with gold-embroidered silk banners, whose members were stationed modestly in the rear. Detachments of all branches of the military service accompanied by their bands were paraded in full dress uniform on one railway platform. Their officers were a most imposing spectacle with their brilliant uniforms and manifold decorations. On another platform — the one at which the train was scheduled to stop — stood the great ones of the land, the members of the Government with their ladies, high officialdom, and army and navy officers of superior rank. The fact that any lieutenant was permitted to pass freely through the cordon, while no deputation from the common people was granted that privilege, impressed me as somewhat peculiar; for Alessandri was forced to leave the country by the army, and he was returning only under the clear stipulation that the military were no longer to interfere with his labors of democratic civic regeneration.

For two long hours we stood waiting for the train, and as the shadows grew longer the faces of the photographers and cinema-operators lengthened to correspond. Not until the descending sun began to shoot its ruddy departing rays almost horizontally through the great train-shed did our ears catch the propeller-hum of the airplanes escorting the presidential train. With a roar of thunder they swept close to the roof in daring circles. Two trains rolled slowly through the railway yard into the open train-shed. While the one bearing the President made its way cautiously through the crowd, hundreds of people climbed upon the roofs of the cars, from which they descended on the platform, causing tremendous confusion. The disorder was increased by the fact that locomotive engineers in Chile have a remarkable way of stopping their engines right where they see a crowd of waiting passengers, thus compelling the latter to scurry the length of the train with their luggage in order to find their seats. The engineer

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *June* 16, *July* 11

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of the presidential train observed this good old precedent. He stopped his locomotive exactly in front of the waiting dignitaries, while Alessandri, who was in the last of the eight cars, stepped out to find himself surrounded by a howling mob of enthusiastic plebs.

While the airplanes circled lower and roared louder than ever, all the bands played different airs in different times, and hundreds of thousands of people in the streets outside, huddled on the balconies, clustered on telegraph poles and roofs and public fountains, yelled at the top of their voices, two sturdy soldiers conducted Alessandri into the railway station. His wife, however, fainted. The soldiers in the military cordon shouted hoarse orders, women shrieked, children bawled — and the formal reception was completely forgotten. Alessandri never saw the carpeted and garlanded station-entrance, with its pine trees ornamented with paper roses, where the guard of honor had stood awaiting his arrival for several hours. What was still worse, the people's representatives did not catch even a glimpse of him. He was piloted out through an emergency exit to an official car surrounded by hundreds of cavalry, — who were still considered a necessary precaution, — and though I had a special admission-ticket, which I had labored for days to get, I, like the others, saw nothing of the Chief Executive.

Nevertheless, it was a tremendously impressive moment when the great parade with the waving pennants of the uhlans swung under the arch of honor and the crowd that packed to suffocation the great square burst into a chorus of enthusiastic cheers, while airplanes circled above, batteries fired salutes, and every bell in the city rang out furiously. I never before in my life heard so much noise all at once. That alone made the experience unique.

After the first excitement was over I discovered that the people themselves are far more courteous and considerate than their masters of ceremony. They possess a natural gift of gallantry that never deserts them. A way was readily opened for me to my automobile, so that I was able to follow the procession. A card of invitation to the reception at the Presidential Residence, which — another odd thing — Santiago did not give him, but he gave to the city of Santiago, enabled me to pass the cordon of troops and make a quick detour to the Moneda, or Government House, where I at last actually saw Alessandri when he descended from his motor-car. My ticket would have permitted me to accompany the stream of guests into the building, but I preferred to remain outside and hear his speech from the balcony. I knew it could not be long delayed, for the vast crowd in the square without was roaring for its *circenses*.

I had heard glowing accounts of Alessandri's eloquence, but all that was told me was nothing compared with the reality. The President's short, thick-set, broad-backed, somewhat stoop-shouldered figure produced a momentary disillusionment, which his red nose, commonplace mouth, and unexpressive eyes tended to confirm. But his abnormally large head outlined against the bright background of the room behind him made him stand out like a figure on a monument. His first words were spoken in a hoarse, speech-wearied voice, which cleared at once when he took a sip of water. Then began a declamation whose powerful pathos made one think at once of Duse at her prime. Every word seemed almost sparkling and visible, so colorful was its enunciation. Alessandri possesses the rare art of emphasizing with unerring effect, not only each member of his balanced sentence-structure, but

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also each syllable of every word. Each period rose from a low, plaintive, appealing beginning to a rousing climax, in a masterpiece of musical melody that simultaneously flattered the ear and roused the passions. The crowd below, with exultant but disciplined enthusiasm, formed a perfect chorus that without previous rehearsal struck in unerringly at precisely the right moment, and then relapsed into breathless silence. Not a sound broke the stillness during his soaring periods, so that those at the remotest confines of the square could hear every syllable that he uttered. Standing directly beneath the balcony, I was able to detect all the minutiæ of his artistic touches. In South America, where for half a year I had had no opportunity to listen to any really first-class artistic production, this rhetorical masterpiece was my first great emotional experience.

'I love you, my people; I subordinate myself entirely to you. I sacrifice myself that your fortunes may be better. For it was a great sacrifice for me to return. I made it, my people, out of love for you; and now I seek, with your help, to make our land over into a new Chile, into a free, rich, fruitful, happy Chile. But only with your help, my people, can I do this. God took seven days to create the world. I cannot do all you ask of me in four-and-twenty hours; nor can I do aught whatever unless you, my people, uphold me. If you turn away from me, I shall leave my fatherland again and that time forever; for I will be no dictator. Neither will I be the slave to a dead and petrified constitution. Therefore, although constitutional government is to me a sacred trust, we must bless the revolution because it has swept away what was antiquated and outlived and has brought us modern reforms indispensable for the nation. I shall not say, like the king of France, "I am the State," but I shall say, in our new revolution-begotten democracy, "We are the State."'

When Alessandri asked, 'Do you stand by me, my people?' thousands of voices roared back, '*Como no!*' — the popular affirmative of the Chilean. It is a catchy expression that every foreigner quickly picks up and uses. Shouted in unison by this vast multitude, that *Como no!* had a patriarchal suggestion. I felt as if I were listening to a tremendous dialogue between an elder brother and his brother-people.

The President spoke at great length, reviewing almost all that had happened; yet during this almost endless speech his hearers scarcely breathed. Nor did I feel the slightest weariness or relaxation of interest. Moreover, I understood every word he uttered, although my knowledge of Spanish is far from perfect. And those words carried conviction. I felt absolute faith in the man standing above me, who held us all in the magic ban of his eloquence. He finally closed with a resounding, almost sobbing, farewell, extending his arms as if to embrace the entire multitude. Thereupon the ground fairly shook with the applause and stamping of his grateful hearers.

That gratifying experience will probably remain for the time being the only real benefit that the common people will get from Alessandri's return. For the poor half-starved ragged laborer who stood beside me listening to that gorgeous cascade of eloquence went back fasting to his miserable tenement — a tenement more primitive and pitiful than any other white man calls his home. Meanwhile, above in the palace of his dear brother Alessandri, the aristocrats of Santiago feasted sumptuously. When I entered the building after the speech was over I was informed that here, as at the railway station,

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the prepared programme had been completely disarranged. The people who poured into the building had crowded the diplomatic corps into one corner of the reception hall, so that the diplomats were unable to greet Alessandri; and the retiring ministry could not even hand him his decree technically restoring him to office. The crowd was so dense that it was almost impossible to catch one's breath, and poor Madame Alessandri remained below with her trunk, sitting on the stairs, because she could not get into her own house.

A little later Alessandri departed between the serried ranks of soldiers in a state carriage drawn by six horses, and the troops began to withdraw with really impressive precision. The Chilean army was trained by German officers, and still uses German words of command. Nevertheless I was greatly surprised to see the soldiers march off with a genuine German goose-step, showing all the snap and precision of Prussian grenadiers. This splendidly drilled army with its faultless uniforms, with its scores of military bands, — not always playing in tune, — with its massed infantry and marines, with its long files of white-plumed cadets, with its field artillery and mountain batteries, with its tanks, with its incomparable cavalry led by stalwart officers whose unsheathed sabres are raised in salute as it charges past us at a gallop, stirrup to stirrup, aligned to the fraction of an inch, all makes a most imposing array. It would seem a remarkable military organization even if we did not pause to think that it is maintained by a nation of scarcely four million people, in one of the remotest corners of the globe. Still more striking was the contrast between all this royal pomp and ceremony and the personal appearance of Alessandri, in whose honor it was all arranged, and who stood between an admiral and the Minister of War dressed in a plain black frock-coat and a top hat — a modern Napoleon whose momentary impressions were an intensely interesting riddle for me.

The troops marched back to quarters through streets hung with banners. Every band played, and pretty girls waved to the soldiers from crowded balconies and windows. Traffic was practically suspended. There was not a man in the city who had not had the fact impressively brought to his attention that President Alessandri had come back.

Why was his return celebrated with such enthusiasm? Why was the President's journey home a continuous ovation, not only in Chile, but in all the South American countries through which he passed? That is a question people here are asking; for many Chileans have been merely passive spectators while their neighbors celebrated the President's home-coming. Naturally Alessandri himself has had something to do with it. It takes peculiar talent to be a popular hero; and every man forges not only his own destiny but his own fame as well. In order to answer these questions we must review what preceded to-day's triumph.

Chile has had no revolutionary disturbances since the revolution of thirty years ago, which swept President Balmaceda out of office because, as some people say, 'he was too honest and would n't tolerate the existing régime of special privilege;' or because, as the official version goes, he tyrannized over a powerless Congress. Alessandri himself said wittily to me that Chile is revolving backward to her former constitution. Thirty years ago Congress had to resort to force to curtail the President's power. Now the situation is reversed. The President

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has been forced to take radical measures to recover his constitutional authority from a usurping parliament.

'At the same time,' said the President, 'since Balmaceda's time Congress has ceased to represent the people. Members have come to represent powerful private interests, and in defending these a small minority could block the Executive.'

The aristocracy took advantage of this condition to exploit the helpless people to the limit. Consequently to-day the gulf between rich and poor, which is marked throughout South America, is probably wider here than anywhere else in the world. There is practically no middle class. Neither is there a purely intellectual or educated governing class. Property, influence, and social rank go together. The more land a man owns, the more serfs he can compel to work upon that land like slaves, the more of an aristocrat he is. A change of administration occurred only when the clique excluded from the public crib became so famished that it must have its turn. The Church worked hand in hand with the ruling caste. Its service consisted in keeping the people in moral subjection. So the poverty-stricken masses had subsided into a state of bitter resignation, hardly knowing that there was anything better in the world, and hopeless of attaining it if it existed.

Thereupon Alessandri, a successful lawyer who, legend says, never lost a case, because he hypnotized with his eloquence every judge before whom he pleaded, adopted a new campaign-slogan, 'The People!' For the first time in Chile's history a democrat took up arms against the oligarchy — and a democrat who sprang from the very bosom of the Conservatives. His opponents still accuse him bitterly of being a turncoat. Alessandri's answer to this charge has become a popular proverb: 'Only an ass never changes his mind.'

Alessandri had already won fame through his books, one of which championed Bolivia's right to a harbor on the Pacific, and another condemned the existing mortgage laws. He was already more than fifty years old when he entered the lists as a candidate for the presidency against the representative of high finance, Louis Barros Borgono. The campaign that followed was the bitterest in the history of Chile. Alessandri dragged the army into politics, and brought the electors to the ballot box by armed force, while the Conservatives ordinarily bought their votes. His campaign speeches aroused the people to fever heat. For instance, he once held up in one hand a piece of meat and in the other a piece of bread and shouted, 'This is all you can buy for a peso to-day. When I am President you can buy this much' — and he described a great circle in the air to show what he meant. Once he stripped off his coat and threw it into the crowd shouting, 'I give you all that I have.' His enthusiastic hearers tore the garment into shreds and carried the pieces away with them as mementos. Even a madman would have baulked at his wild promises, but his persuasive eloquence made them plausible to the masses. His friends say that in the fury of oratory he cannot control his imagination and actually believes at the moment what he says. His opponents insist that he consciously deceives his hearers. They even accuse him of dark transactions for his personal profit.

Notwithstanding the unscrupulous methods used in the campaign, neither candidate obtained enough votes for election. For a time the people feared a resort to force. But Chile is a land of compromises. Every prominent man knows personally every other man of prominence. So an agreement was

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reached. A court of honor, or electoral commission, consisting of eight leading citizens was appointed to settle the question, and decided for Alessandri.

The new President, opposed as he was by the united forces of the Church and of high finance, was involved in a succession of controversies. Congress interfered in executive matters, even in the appointment of officials, and hampered the President by every means in its power. But that gave him an excellent excuse for not keeping his political promises. He attributed all his miscarriages to the legislative body. His economic policy was incredibly bad. During the three years of his administration the peso, originally worth about as much as an American dollar but depreciated to one fourth that value when he took office, sank to the equivalent of ten or fifteen cents. Within three years the national debt was trebled. But Alessandri explained this by claiming that he was merely suffering for the blunders of his predecessors.

When Alessandri brought the religious question into politics, with proposals to legalize divorce, to separate Church and State, and to use the $11,000,000 hitherto used to pay the priests for the support of the public schools and the abolition of illiteracy; and when he declared, 'A government cannot be Catholic, because its citizens include members of all confessions,' the Conservatives, taking their cue from Alessandri's own ill-omened precedent, appealed to the army. The crisis came to a head when the President recommended to Congress that its Members' salaries be raised. A Member of the Opposition shouted: 'That means giving banquets without paying the servants.' A number of army officers who chanced to be in the gallery applauded this remark, which referred to their own unpaid salaries. For although Chile is a country of great natural wealth, the pay of government clerks, school-teachers, and army officers is always several months in arrears, and they are forced to borrow money to live on from the banks at usurious rates of interest. With a halfway decent administration, Chile with her vast natural resources and sparse population might be a paradise.

When Alessandri reprimanded the Inspector-General of the Army because his officers had presumed to make a political demonstration in the Chamber of Congress, the latter answered, 'The whole army approves the act.' Immediately afterward an officers' committee was formed and proposed certain reforms in the method of paying government employees, which Congress rejected. Alessandri, eager to avoid a crisis, beseeched Members to reconsider their action. These would willingly have done so in order to keep in office; but the officers had tasted blood, and pronounced in favor of a permanent control of Congress.

Thereupon Alessandri faced the army and Congress with this alternative: 'You or I.' The public thought it was merely an empty threat. They did not dream that he would resign. But Alessandri was in earnest, and announced his immediate departure from the country. He committed the political blunder of taking refuge under the exterritoriality of the American legation — an act that created the impression that he had been deprived of office and exiled. His opponents tried to make it appear that the army, which he himself had dragged into politics, had driven him from the country. That makes it difficult for people to understand now why this same army brings him back in triumph.

In reality the military people were tremendously disturbed over his departure, and were quieted only by the

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promise that the provisional government would manage the country's affairs on an absolutely nonpartisan basis. Everything seemed to be running smoothly when I arrived in Santiago last January, a few days after the revolution. I photographed the guards and their machine-guns in front of Government House, while elegantly uniformed officers looked on, smiling as their soldiers hastened up to get into the group. A more courteous revolution probably never happened. In the Ministry of Foreign Affairs an undersecretary and the Chief of the Information Service chatted with me as if they had n't a care in the world, merely mentioning casually that I had come at a rather exciting time. Throughout the country there was not the slightest visible evidence that anything unusual had occurred. To be sure, the homes of a few gentlemen of the aristocratic party were searched for weapons, but the paper that reported this incident printed in the same issue an explanation by the authorities that the whole incident was due to a misunderstanding. The Sunday after the revolution the excursion trains for the seashore were just as crowded as ever.

The commission that took over the duties of provisional government consisted of two military officers and a civilian, and for a time managed things very prudently. It issued a great number of excellent regulations. Even the most ardent Alessandrists acknowledge that it did good work. This Junta paroled congress, declared martial law, and put its emergency orders into immediate effect. Among other things, women, who hitherto had enjoyed no civil rights, had no control over their property, could not be appointed guardians even of their own children, and could not inherit property, were given the same civic and legal status as men, with the exception of the right to vote. A pioneer feminist, Amanda Laborca, who is a teacher at Santiago University, told me that women had been fighting for years for these rights and that they were very grateful to the Junta for granting them, but that no one in Chile wanted emergency legislation. Moreover, Alessandri had promised to give women their rights by regular constitutional methods.

As soon as the Junta felt itself safely in the saddle, however, it became subservient to high finance, grew more and more Conservative, and little by little revived the old privileges and abuses. But after democratic ideas have once filtered into the minds of the people they will no longer submit to an oligarchy. Soon the army was in a ferment. Alessandri's friends in uniform arrested the members of the Junta at the Government House and an hour afterward cabled to Italy asking their leader to come back. He replied that he would return only on the condition that the army withdraw completely from politics, and that a constitutional government be restored.

This simultaneous raising of the flag of democracy and of civilian constitutional government is what makes Alessandri so popular in the other countries of South America. For though in Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay — particularly in Brazil — the *soldateska* is used as a tool by office-seeking politicians for their personal advancement, the people of all these countries aspire to become free, civilian, democratic republics. That is why they have showered honors upon the Chilean representative of this doctrine. His popular reputation has also helped to smooth over many minor causes of international friction, particularly between Argentina and Chile. Moreover, the great popular reception given the President at every

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point he touched on his return journey helped to hide the fact that after all he owes his restoration to the high office he had resigned to an army revolt.

Thus Chile, after threatening to become a turbulent neighbor, again settles down to a law-abiding life. Alessandri himself said to me, with a significant smile, that his popular reception — which he himself had prearranged — would enable him to free Chile from the clutches of Congress and give her a modern form of government. 'This work must be done inside a couple of months,' he added, 'for the favor of the people is very fickle.' His present plan is to have the nation elect a convention to draft a new constitution. That could be easily done. The ground is prepared. Alessandri also told me that he no longer feared the opposition of the propertied classes, because 'they are beginning to understand that I am their best friend.' In fact Bolshevism is lifting its heavy head here and everywhere. It finds fertile soil in the universal misery of the poorer classes. And only Alessandri, Chile's Kerenskii, can hope to keep the masses in hand. He calls himself 'a prop of stability.' He has also won a reputation as an international figure by his resolute handling of the Tacna-Arica question, a wasp's nest into which no previous president dared to thrust his hand. I need not narrate here the history of this controversy further than to say that President Coolidge's decision referring the political status of these provinces to a vote of their inhabitants was greeted with tremendous joy in Chile, and has strengthened Alessandri's hold upon the country.

The common people place wonderful hopes of economic betterment in their popular idol. That explains their enthusiasm. It was really the people, the common people, who welcomed Alessandri to-day, packed in dense throngs along the city streets; although, like all nations of Southern and Latin temperament, they were also carried away by the contagious enthusiasm of the occasion — by the triumphal arches, the stirring music, and the thundering salutes. This evening the movie shows with true Yankee enterprise exhibited a film of the President's reception this afternoon as a current-topics picture. It was shown just after the first act of a conventional Wild West drama. The last scene of that act represented the lassoing of a galloping cowboy from an ambuscade, so the plot was interrupted right at the most exciting point. Then came the film of Alessandri's reception. But listen! Instead of the applause I expected, — for these people are liberal with applause, — the audience began to hiss and the gallery began to whistle. Why! Because the popular favorite, Alessandri, for whom Santiago had upset its daily routine for forty-eight hours, had ventured to interrupt his devoted followers in their enjoyment of a prairie murder. They wanted to see how that lassoed cowboy got even with his enemies. Not till that matter of first importance was out of the way would they be ready to enthuse again over politics.

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UNCLE SAM, BILL-COLLECTOR[1]

BY L. DUMONT-WILDEN

[The author, who contributes the regular foreign-affairs article to *La Revue Bleue*, is a Belgian by birth and half-Flemish by blood.]

Our debts to the United States weigh heavily upon Europe. In final analysis they lie behind all the worries and all the social disturbances that prevent our recovering from the war; and if our present civilization, upon which the white race has impressed its seal, is to undergo the eclipse that people begin to fear, the responsibility of the American nation before the bar of history will be tremendous. Never has a great country so completely missed its opportunity.

When President Wilson proclaimed the Fourteen Points that served as the basis of the Versailles Treaty (*sic*), he seemed for a moment to a suffering and nerve-racked humanity to be the mouthpiece of the world's moral conscience. His was the voice of justice. He proclaimed the new decalogue.

Now one of the points of this magnificent programme was the duty of making Germany, who was held to be responsible for the war, repair all that she had destroyed. The economic outcome of this conflict had been a tremendous wastage of wealth. Germany as the original cause of that waste was to restore what she had ruined.

When the plenipotentiaries of the victorious nations met in Paris they seemed to be unanimous regarding this, and the Versailles Treaty, imperfect as it was in many respects, had at least the merit of preciseness on this point. Germany, crushed, bewildered, and repentant, was ready to recognize her obligations. Kautsky published documents showing that the Kaiser's government was responsible for Europe's great disaster, and the plenipotentiaries of the conquered power did not dream of disputing the payments imposed upon them. They merely asked that the sum total be reduced.

Only timidly and hesitatingly did certain political leaders in Germany later embark upon the policy that was to prove so successful — of arguing that the Treaty is impossible of fulfillment. Now it was British and American high finance that took it upon itself to prove that these men were right. Probably they commenced to reason along this line from the very moment that the greatest financial Power in the world detached itself from the treaty it had inspired.

However that may be, the statesmen of the European Powers that fought together in the war permitted themselves, willy-nilly, to be persuaded. By one reduction after another the claims of the ravaged countries against Germany have been whittled away to nothing, or practically nothing. Rebellious at heart, our statesmen have become resigned to the idea of charging up the losses of the war to profit and loss. Now all at once America knocks at our doors presenting her full bill against us. If France has not been able to collect what Germany owes her, so much the worse for her — America

[1] From *La Revue Bleue* (Paris literary and political semimonthly), *August* 1

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expects France to pay her debts to the last dollar. And that applies not only to the debt of France but also to the debt of Belgium.

Belgium's case is particularly interesting because it affords the strange spectacle of an entire nation deluded by a mirage of generosity. During the war, as long as the Belgium Relief Fund continued to operate in the occupied territories under the direction of Mr. Hoover, practically every Belgian honestly supposed that he and his fellow countrymen were being fed gratuitously by generous Americans. It was a naïve idea, but one cannot resist the thought that it would have been more honest to correct it at the time. The Belgian Relief did make certain outright gifts, which have been employed in putting the Belgian universities on their feet. But the cost of feeding the people was charged up to Belgium and added to her war debts. That was fair enough, but it absolves the Belgian people of a large share of their obligation of gratitude to America.

When the deluded Belgian public finally realized what the facts were, their disappointment was naturally bitter. Now, added to that, America's brusque demand for a settlement of Belgium's war debt to her comes as a second shock. For the people of Belgium had deceived themselves with the belief that the Treaty of Versailles relieved them of all such obligations. To put it more precisely, they thought their war debt had been transferred to Germany in consideration of the fact that the violation of Belgian neutrality in 1914 was a recognized offense against the law of nations, and that it would be utterly unjust to make a people pay the cost of a war that they undertook in order to comply with their international duty.

On June 16, 1919, Messrs. Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau wrote to M. Paul Hymans, Minister of Foreign Affairs and Chairman of the Belgian Delegation to the Peace Conference, the following letter: —

'The reparation clauses obligate Germany to reimburse Belgium for all the money that she had borrowed of the Allied and Associated Governments up to November 11, 1918, in consequence of Germany's violation of the Treaty of 1839.

'In recognition of this obligation Germany is to issue a special series of bonds to be deposited with the Reparations Commission.

'Each of the undersigned will recommend to his Government that after these bonds have been deposited with the Reparations Committee his Government shall accept a portion of these bonds corresponding to the sum that Belgium has borrowed from it during the war and up to November 11, 1918, including interest at the rate of five per cent, except where this interest has already been included with the principal on terms satisfactory to Belgium. The latter country's borrowings are thus annulled.'

This letter was the result of long and laborious negotiations, which M. Hymans described in his recent notable speech in the Belgian Chamber — a speech that was in a way an apologia, for he has been blamed for not making a good enough bargain at Versailles. As long as he was Minister he believed it beneath his dignity to defend himself from this accusation. Now that he is in the Opposition, he has taken the first opportunity to describe what he did and what difficulties he encountered. And he has expressed himself with excellent good taste, as a statesman and an historian, not as a party politician.

The memories that he recalls have

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to-day a tragic flavor. Bear in mind that the commission appointed by the Peace Conference to study the question of Reparations was not able to agree and that the subject was consequently referred back to the Council of Four. On April 23, 1919, that body made certain proposals to Belgium that her delegates considered unacceptable. Finally M. Paul Hymans and his colleagues were received by Messrs. Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau.

'I read the notes of the Belgian Government agreed upon in conference with the Prime Minister. I demanded that Germany should be required to pay all our war expenses and the cost of feeding the population of occupied Belgium — expenses that had been met by borrowings from England, France, and the United States. I insisted in particular upon our priority right to two and a half billion francs from the first payments made by Germany. I explained in general our other claims.

'I based all this on the special status of Belgium, who alone of the Allied nations had been dragged into the war by the violation of a treaty that guaranteed her neutrality.

'I appealed to the declaration of the Sainte Adresse of February 16, 1916, and the words of the second of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, which were to serve as a basis of the peace negotiations.

'I concluded by stating that if our claims were not recognized, that if we could not obtain definite assurances as to the share that Belgium would receive from German indemnity, it would be our duty to submit the whole question to the Belgian Parliament.'

The discussion was suspended on two occasions. Then new proposals were made that were likewise regarded as unacceptable.

'I stuck to my position, and after further discussions between the experts and the political leaders, held in the different corners of the room, they finally offered me the two special concessions that I brought back to Brussels — priority for two and a half billion francs, and the remission of our war debt, which was to be transferred to Germany as a consequence of the violation of the Treaty of 1839.

'In agreement with my colleagues Messrs. Vandervelde and Van den Heuvel, I stated that we would personally accept these conditions and recommend their acceptance to our Government.

'That same evening I telegraphed to Brussels informing the Government of the arrangements upon which we had agreed.'

Finally on the fourth of May a Crown Council held in the Palace at Brussels unanimously decided to sign the Treaty of Peace.

'This is the history of the events that it has fallen upon me to review before the Chamber. They show that priority and remission of our war debts were two special privileges granted to Belgium because Germany had violated the Treaty of 1839, and that it was upon this condition that we assented to the Treaty of Peace. They were part of a contract, and constitute in a way a reciprocal covenant between Belgium and the other parties.'

It would be impossible to state more clearly or pertinently the condition under which Belgium's war debts were remitted. This was not a favor, but a right recognized not only by the European Powers but by the United States. The United States alone, not having ratified the Treaty, ceases to recognize this right on Belgium's part. The

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Treaty of 1839, the violation of Belgian neutrality, the Law of Nations — it washes its hands of all these European inventions. In practice it recognizes only commercial law. It has sold grain and bacon and wants its pay. It has lent money and wants it back. It is an inflexible creditor.

Belgium, like France, furthermore, immediately recognized her debt. She has never disputed it. She is sending a mission headed by M. Theunis to the United States to adjust conditions of payment. She may obtain a delay or other concessions, but the present state of mind of the American masses makes that improbable.

The conclusion that we must draw from the attitude of Anglo-Saxon America is that she refuses to interest herself longer in European civilization, of which, as all her scholars and cultured classes recognize, she is the heir. She recks little that the old world that is her parent is the prey of troubles that may prove mortal. She recks little that across the seas the yellow races, the black races, and the amorphous mass of mixed breeds are encroaching upon the white race that was the aristocracy of the world. In 1919 we might have supposed that this young nation, still rather uncultured and rustic, but abounding in life and vigor, was filled with a high ambition to rekindle the fires of the civilization of which we are all the common heirs. But the absence of an élite powerful enough to impose its will upon the masses forces America to renounce this mission. Does she seek instead to found a new civilization peculiarly her own? Not at all; she has no such ambition; she is absorbed in her trade and commerce. Possibly the refusal of the American Senate to ratify the Treaty of Versailles will eventually be recorded in world annals as the greatest default in history.

FACING ECONOMIC REALITY[1]

Let us no longer say that peoples that were fearless before the enemy's guns cannot face their own facts. — Sir Josiah Stamp

In an essay on the extent to which a fiat of the human will can interfere with the operation of economic laws, Boehm-Bawerk, the great Austrian economist, concludes that these ultimately reassert themselves against attempts at such interference, which can do no more than cause minor modifications in the mode of their operation. This is a truth about which there can be no reasonable doubt; yet it is one which is habitually ignored in practice. Economic laws are exceptionally difficult both to discover and to understand, but they can be half-understood with perilous ease. They are like a highly complicated machine which can be set in motion by the simple movement of a few levers, but which can be adjusted only by one acquainted with its entire mechanism. No person of inadequate instruction is permitted to interfere with such a mechanism, lest it turn and rend him or cease its functions altogether.

Yet where the nature of the operation

[1] From the *Economic Review* (London economic summary of the foreign press), *July* 24

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of economic laws is concerned almost every man in a modern democracy, however ill-equipped, considers himself competent to pass decisive judgment, and imperiously demands the pursuit of this or that policy without entertaining hardly a suspicion of his reckless temerity. The most momentous economic action is taken on the basis of influential pressure or of electoral decisions, both of which, by self-interest in the one case and thoughtlessness in the other, are eminently calculated to produce economic disaster and to recoil ruthlessly upon their authors. The normal mode of procedure in the matter of economic action, especially under the influence of such stress as we have experienced since the war, is for a man to decide first of all what he desires and then to find plausible reasons afterward for persuading himself and others of the wisdom of his decision. Economics, by the very complexity of its causes and effects, is a happy hunting-ground for plausibility, especially of that most seductive kind that confounds a part effect of a given cause with the whole. But it is a disconcerting characteristic of half-truths that they lead to opposite conclusions from the whole truth.

Concrete and far-reaching illustrations of what we have said spring to the mind. One of these was stated by Sir Josiah Stamp in an admirable address to the International Chamber of Commerce, of which the concluding words stand at the head of this article. The Allies, one and all, are determined to extract the uttermost farthing of reparations out of Germany in the hope of palliating the crushing burden of their own taxation. After a prolonged series of notes, threats, and invasions, which well-nigh ruined the debtor, they finally consent to confer with the latter on the basis of the possible, and evolve a tolerable plan for the liquidation of the debt. Having done that they rise in anger at the thought of Germany 'dumping' cheap goods in their own markets or competing successfully with themselves in the markets of the world, and they immediately take such measures as they can to protect themselves from this menace. To the precise extent that these measures succeed they stultify the reparations plan, for Germany can pay only out of the excess of her export-trade balance. The Allies can have either the reparations or the trade, but they cannot have both. It is plausible that the victors should receive reparations and it is plausible that they should have the run of the world markets, but it is simply foolish to require the satisfaction of these two mutually exclusive plausibilities at one and the same time. If they refuse to accept the logic of economic laws they expose themselves in perpetuity to the inevitable penalty of chaos which those laws exact for their infringement.

Then there is the perennial illusion about Protection. The industrialist who strains every nerve to increase his foothold in the foreign market is scandalized at the sight of foreign goods entering the home market. He does not stop to consider that every order for his goods to go abroad implies a corresponding import of goods into this country; all that he is concerned to realize is the immediate benefit in the shape of cash accruing to himself from his transaction with the foreign purchaser. On the other hand, he is aware that a purchase from abroad involves a cash payment to a foreigner, which he begrudges. Through the medium of Protection he fondly hopes to reduce the latter kind of transaction while maintaining the former kind; for he could hardly want to do anything so futile as to expend his energies on reducing both.

The desire for Protection is due to

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the hallucination set up by the psychological fact that selling is a pleasanter commercial operation than buying, and to nationalistic prejudice that would foist on to the foreigner as much as possible of the unpleasant and leave to him as little as possible of the pleasant. All, of course, that Protection actually succeeds in doing is to reduce the pleasant and the unpleasant as between both the home producer and the foreigner; it diverts the channels of trade for everybody, but increases its volume for nobody. If the total volume of world trade, both national and international, be taken into account, there can be little doubt that, through the friction, price uncertainty, and loss of time and convenience which it involves, Protection renders that volume less than it otherwise would be. Were the simple fact recognized that, behind the complication of modern business, all trade is nothing more or less than exchange, no one would ever bother his head about Protection; for Protection, if it hopes to accomplish anything at all, hopes to take more money and less goods in exchange than it gives, which is absurd.

The question that the nation and the industrialist have to ask themselves is, Do they or do they not desire to augment their exports? If they do not, there is nothing more to be said; let them by all means practise Protection *à outrance*. But if they do in fact desire to augment their exports, then let them shun the futility of imposing protective tariffs on their imports, for, in proportion to the effectiveness of the tariffs, actual or potential exports will be diminished.

Not less prevalent is the simultaneous pursuit of contradictory aims in the sphere of prices. Competition is justified on the ground that it keeps down prices by enforcing technical and administrative efficiency and reducing profits to a minimum. Monopoly is justified because, by economies in administration, by the intensive operation of plant, and by mass production, it causes prices to fall. Socialism is justified because it not only offers all the advantages of monopoly, but eliminates superfluous profits, and thus reduces prices to a still lower level. Every industrial system in fact seeks to justify itself by showing that it is the means of producing and selling at the lowest prices. Free Traders and Protectionists also both claim that their system is the indispensable means of reducing prices.

But what happens when prices fall? There is a universal howl that a depression has begun, that unemployment has increased, that this or that firm or industry is faced with bankruptcy, that the gold standard ought never to have been restored, that, in fine, the state of the country is deplorable. Only let prices rise again and industry will hum, trade will flourish, unemployment will fall, confidence will be restored: all, in fact, will be well. If then there can only be prosperity with high prices, obviously the claims of competition, monopoly, Socialism, Free Trade, and Protection are all stultified, and there is a paradox somewhere.

Are low prices really desirable or are they not? This question can be answered only by inquiring what is the comparative significance of low and high prices. It must of course be assumed that prices are adjudged low or high in relation to the purchasing power of a given income expressed in units of money and representing a given amount of work, and that no monetary inflation has intervened to complicate the issue. Low prices will then signify that the given income has acquired a greater purchasing power than before, and high prices that its purchasing power has diminished. It is thus evident that low

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prices are indicative of increased prosperity and that high prices are indicative of diminished prosperity. Low prices signify that a nation possesses a greater abundance of commodities in relation to a given money-income than it did before. They can only be achieved in one way — namely, by the increased efficiency of industrial plant, administration, and labor, and of the factors engaged in distribution.

Why then do high prices produce the illusion of greater prosperity? Because it has become customary to gauge prosperity by reference to a limited set of statistics which are only interpreted so far as they affect one class of the community, the producers, and then usually to the exclusion of the workers. Rising prices in fact signify a transference of wealth from other classes of the community to the producers, whose incomes, for a time at any rate, increase in a proportion greater than the diminution of their purchasing power. Wages, on the other hand, rise in less proportion, so that the real incomes of the workers are reduced, as also are those of other classes whose salaries or incomes are fixed.

The gain to the producers, however, is only temporary, for their own increase in consumption is more than counterbalanced by the decrease in that of other classes. Eventually, therefore, prices again fall at least as much as they rose, and the illusion of prosperity accompanying the rise becomes manifest even to the producer. The period of low prices following the boom unfortunately does not signify prosperity either; for during that period there is a liquidation of the overproduction that had occurred during the preceding period and a partial cessation of production.

What then is the escape from this apparent impasse? Escape is indeed difficult, for, owing to the artificial restriction of consumption during the depression, prices are apt to fall too low, so that the partial cessation of production continues after the stocks have been liquidated. The low prices are thus indicative not of an abundance of commodities but of a shortage of demand. As soon, however, as the demand begins to rise, prices also rise owing to the shortage of commodities, and then they go on rising beyond the point at which the demand becomes normal; the old vicious circle is thus again in progress. There would seem to be only one escape possible — namely, if producers will realize, and act upon the recognition, that high prices are an unmitigated evil. That, we fear, they will never be brought to do except by constraint.

The banks, if they are courageous, can exercise a good deal of this necessary constraint; immediately they observe a general rise in prices, so long as it definitely is not ascribable to monetary factors — for example, a shortage of gold — they ought sharply to restrict credit, and so compel an adjustment between production and demand. If the producer understood that this was a settled banking-policy he would soon be content to produce in response to demand, and to cease his habitual practice of waiting on the probability of rising prices. Moreover, the banks ought to do this immediately prices begin to rise from the trough of depression, in order to hold in check the momentum of the rise. If once, by persistence in this policy, an abundance of commodities could be combined with low prices, a start could be made toward real prosperity, which, with care, it ought to be possible to maintain. But a still more valuable start would be made if it came to be generally understood that it is a real prosperity that accompanies low prices and an

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illusory one that accompanies high prices. Surely the manifest contradiction of thought, which we indicated at the beginning of this discussion on prices, ought by itself, as soon as it is pointed out, to be sufficient indication of serious fallacy. The marvel is that it is so commonly overlooked.

We have pointed to three important spheres of economic controversy in which those who purport to speak and act with authority are shown to pursue at one and the same time contradictory lines of thought. Germany must pay reparations, but she must not be allowed to acquire that export-trade balance by which alone they can be paid. Exports must at all costs be increased, but the imports must be restricted through which alone that increase can be achieved. Industrial systems are justified by their competence to ensure low prices, but prosperity cannot be restored unless prices are allowed to rise high. Is it a wonder that the world is bewildered with such a Babel of advices?

The contradictions are due to a refusal to face more than one issue at a time, and to the habit of propounding solutions for each singly and out of relation to all the others. Little trouble is taken to ascertain whether the solution propounded for one problem is compatible with that propounded for some other connected problem. And since it is not perceived that one solution or the other must be abandoned if anything is to be achieved at all, both solutions are in fact followed and nothing is in fact achieved.

Economic phenomena cannot, any more than natural phenomena, be controlled by a mere fiat of the will, but only by an understanding of their laws. Not infrequently the laws are well understood even by sectional interests, who nevertheless, for a temporary advantage, act in their defiance. Occasionally, on the other hand, the laws are insufficiently understood. In either case the result is the same; the laws are defied, but the consequences recoil on the transgressors. There must, in fine, be clearer thinking on matters of economic import by all whose actions are capable of producing economic effects, and a greater readiness to bring action into conformity with the conclusions gained by thought.

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DAYTON ON THE BOULEVARDS[1]

BY ABEL HERMANT

JAMES P. STOCKWELL to Miss Winnie S——, Dayton, Tennessee: —

PARIS, *July*, 1925

DEAR WINNIE, —

I have been in Paris such a few days that I have scarcely had time yet to visit all the places of interest and go the round of the night entertainments by automobile, and in the whole Exposition of Decorative Arts I have seen only the scenic railway so far. But still, circumstances favorable to me personally, and particularly to the place of my birth, Dayton, Tennessee, have put me in a position to make some observations touching the idiotic customs here, if I may say so, as soon as I set foot on European soil. This is a matter of very great importance in the eyes of a man interested in intellectual things, — as very few men of our country are, since it is only the women who care about them, — and especially of a man passionately interested in questions of morality, as all men and women are among us.

You know, Winnie dear, that I did not venture without some qualms into this perverse Europe, and especially into France, which is so corrupt. The man who is most certain of his principles and of divine help can still fear the contagion and the wiles of the Devil. This salutary fear, the beginning of wisdom, is to his credit, and proves that he is not overconfident. I have noticed, however, that this fear has altered in a grievous fashion my facial expression, which is usually so cheerful and open, and that it has given me a stiff and timid air as if I were an animal at bay, which is not very complimentary to the citizens of our late associate in the war. Out of regard for them I force myself to put on a more natural air, and to affect the good nature which is customary with me on our side of the water.

Before I left America I used to think — I don't know why — that the Parisians were ashamed of the license that prevails in their capital and drew a veil over their actions, so as not to let their guests see things too shocking for strangers of superior morality. I was afraid, in other words, that I should not be able to inform myself exactly as to the real conditions here. Perhaps a citizen of the Union born in any other town than Dayton would find it hard to learn the real nature of the French, and the Parisians would show reserve toward him. But for the moment, Winnie dear, they cannot resist a man from Dayton.

Without false modesty, I was the first to be surprised by this, and it has given me the opportunity to correct a popular error as to the defective education of the French. Let us do them justice — they are not so backward in geography as we are wont to think. They even add some refinements to it. I imagined, when I got here, that I should not meet a person who would know where our birthplace is. This ignorance would not have mortified me beyond measure; it would only have galled me a little bit, in view of the custom we have, at which they laugh here, of giving our address at the same

[1] From *Le Figaro* (Paris Radical Party daily), *July* 23

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time as our name when presented to a new acquaintance. That habit was stronger than I was. I could not keep from saying all in a breath, 'Stockwell, Dayton, Tennessee.' What was my surprise and my pride when I heard the immediate answer: 'Ah, ah, you are the man who comes from Dayton! How are you?' — and everybody laughed in my face.

To excuse their laughter, and to show off a knowledge probably very recently acquired, some of them ask me why the gazetteers put Dayton in the State of Ohio when it is really in Tennessee. Others wish to know if our city, which in 1880 had only 38,678 inhabitants, had added 50,000 to its population ten years later. Still others inquire if our magnificent Soldiers' Home *est toujours à sa place* — that 's a way they have of talking in the French army. I have even met in Paris — but they assure me that he is a unique example — a man who knows that 'Pennsylvania' is named from William Penn, and should not be spelled 'Pinsylvania.'

This erudition dazzled as much as it charmed me. I tell you, I never imagined that Dayton was so famous. I discovered the reason for our universal renown when a Parisian said to me: 'Ah, ah, you 're the man who comes from Monkey City!' And then he too laughed in my face. What we owe this immense publicity to — and I dare say this glory, which is not only world-wide, as we might expect, but also Parisian, as I really did not expect — is the affair of the ape; in other words, the indictment that the city of Dayton had the courage to bring against a school-teacher bold enough to teach the damnable falsehoods of Darwin, and to deny by implication one of the best-established scientific truths, namely that the sun moves around the earth, which is flat.

Naturally, I feel very proud to be a citizen of Dayton when I see that this legal trial, which is rather national than local, is making such a devilish noise in the world, if I can without blasphemy use such an expression. But, on the other hand, my justifiable pride has been sensibly diminished, and has turned into irritation, when I see that the people here, while they understand perfectly well the significance of the event, refuse to take it seriously, but instead make it a pretext for improper pleasantries, or what are called in French *gorges chaudes*, an expression that is untranslatable. So just now, Winnie dear, I have been making, as my nature inclines me to, reflections which have still further modified certain rash judgments which we hold about the French. First of all, these people whom we reproach with being slaves of geometry and logic are thoroughly inconsistent in their ideas.

The philosophy in fashion here as elsewhere is a kind of pragmatism the essential principle of which is to call that which is good for something true, and that which is good for nothing, or injurious, false. I ask you, Winnie dear, what good can it do us to believe that we are descended from an ape? I acknowledge that, if it were really necessary, one could find in such an idea counsels of humility — but perhaps also pretexts for monstrous sins. And nothing would more expose us to the loss of all sentiment of dignity, which is so useful to business men. Therefore we have good reason to forbid the teaching of Darwinism; and the French, if they were consistent, would follow us. But when you present this idea to them, they talk back about the darkness of the Middle Ages, liberty of thought, and other inanities that I imagined were as much out of fashion here as at home.

I think their inconsistency is to be

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explained by their utter lack of morality. As soon as the sacred interests of morality are brought into play, either from love of contradiction or as the result of a still more malicious perversity, they take the other side. It is just as if, in order to save appearances, they pretended to treat these questions lightly, unceremoniously, and as they say, *pardessus la jambe.*

But now for my greatest surprise, Winnie dear, and from this I have not yet recovered. These Parisians who make fun of everything, and who are famous for their wit, have no sense of humor. When you tell them that the principal hotel-keeper of Dayton, with whom the teacher under prosecution boards, installed in the room next to him a chimpanzee as a symbol of protest, no one sees the joke. They are apt to ask ironically, 'Is this the place to laugh?' and if I am simple enough to answer Yes, still nobody laughs. They simply say: 'I do not see anything funny in that.'

Ah, Winnie dear, when you tell a story to a Parisian, and he says that he does not see anything funny in it, the poor traveler from Dayton *n'en mène pas large* — that 's another way they have of talking here.

SURVIVAL

BY WILFRID GIBSON

[*Observer*]

'If the worst comes to the worst,
We can die but once,' you said;
Then you ventured all, and first
Took your place among the dead.

Sound you sleep, while I who dare
Venture naught, but quaking stay
On the quag-edge of despair,
Die a hundred deaths a day.

Die, and live to die again;
Yet it 's much to know that you
Did not venture all in vain,
That the worst you never knew.

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TOURISTS [1]

A STUDY IN TYPES AND MANNERS

BY KURT MÜNZER

I. TRAVEL FANATICS

USUALLY they travel in pairs. They may be a married couple, or relatives. Generally they are two sisters, past the first bloom of youth and cured of its follies, who have remained single 'as a matter of principle.' They are never very wealthy, but they have some dependable and respectable rather than remunerative calling, and save up money the whole year long for their journey.

They despise what is close by and convenient. Theirs must be a regular trip, including tedious railway travel, customhouses, foreign tongues, and foreign countries. They go as far as their money will take them — to Norway, or Scotland, or Italy. It is their dream to visit sometime Africa, India, and Japan, but their vacation is never long enough to permit this. Except for their craving for the exotic, they are apt to be ordinary and conventional people — schoolmistresses, office managers, bookkeepers. But their modest exteriors cover yearning, romantic hearts thirsting for the richer experiences of life.

Sometimes they have prepared for years for this particular trip. They have studied Swedish, or Italian, or French, as the case may be, by the best-recommended methods. They have attended a Berlitz school, they have taken conversation lessons with a native of the country they hope to visit, and they have organized neighborhood circles to converse in the foreign tongue. They have memorized every conceivable kind of dialogue: On a Railway Train, At the Hotel, Purchasing at the Shop, At the Art Gallery, Literature, Architecture, Religion, Theatre, Music, Sport. They have read the principal works about the country they plan to visit, and have studied guidebooks until they know by heart, long before they see them in reality, the plans of all the cities and the name of every point of interest they hope to visit. They have learned to feel quite at home at Rome, or Florence, or London, or Avignon, or Christiania, before leaving their own fireside.

Eventually they set forth. They carry no unnecessary luggage, but are abundantly provided with guidebooks and phrase-books. The moment the train moves out of the station they cease to be Germans. They become mentally English, Swedish, or Italian. They try to forget their mother tongue. Parochial elderly German sisters who have never been separated from each other or been outside their native town during their lives suddenly begin to talk Tuscan. They treat each other as if they were strangers, and find it intensely interesting. They smile at their fellow passengers as if they found them odd and entertaining. They have become international, cosmopolitan, foreign-tongued.

[1] From *Uhu* (Berlin popular current-topics monthly), *August*

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This setting-forth is an intoxicating experience. They are journeying, so to speak, to their true homeland. They dream about what they are going to see. They rehearse to themselves all the impressions they will receive. In fact, they have made the whole trip over and over again in their imaginations before they started.

Eventually they reach their destination. The programme begins. Everything is glorious. They are never disappointed. For actually they are enjoying their own enthusiasm and their preconceived conceptions, which are quite independent of reality. Yes, they know all about traveling. They don't go to a tourist hotel, but live right among the people. Ah, the people are the thing! The people are what they have come to see! There is where you find the real country! Society is the same everywhere; it is international and standardized. But the people — ah, they are something different!

So these travelers intrude boldly into workshops and private homes. They startle honest proletarians, going about their daily work, by addressing polite and mostly unintelligible phrases to them. They make friends with the children by gifts of centesimi and bonbons and thus get in touch with the unspoiled soul of the country. Ah, the soul of the country — that is the thing! That 's the way really to know a country.

They soon enlarge their vocabulary. They become more Italian than the Italians or more Scotch than the Scotch. They buy local costumes, impossible hats, wraps, and gowns. They upset their digestion with foreign dishes, and copy the recipes. They even Italianize their names. Their ordinary and intimate conversation takes on a new guise. The most conventional greetings become romantic. All the rest of the world except the place they are visiting, as if in a new incarnation, vanishes from their consciousness. They receive no letters from home, so that their new existence may not be profaned by humdrum thoughts and cares. But they send hundreds of picture postal cards to every acquaintance whom they can remember. And though the recipients may not know a syllable of Italian, they write their greetings in that language.

These travel fanatics collect plants, photographs, and pebbles. They buy all kinds of atrocious trumpery to give their friends at home, or to adorn their own modest apartments when they return to the everyday world again. For eventually they must return, must go back to the old grind, to the old uninteresting circle where they will never again feel the same.

And indeed they do return quite changed. So to speak, they bring Italy back with them. They remain Italian until they take their next trip — say to Sweden. Then they become Swedish. Up to that time they experiment with Italian dishes until their kitchen fairly oozes olive oil and reeks with garlic. They talk of nothing but Italy to each other and to their friends. They sit apart in their little social circle, isolated by their great experience. A sort of Masonic understanding exists between them. 'Do you remember?' 'Do you still recall?' No one else shares their loftier existence.

They stroll through the streets of their native town wearing Italian straw hats and weird embroidered peasant blouses from some out-of-the-way Alpine province. They must ransack their minds now and then for a German word they have forgotten. Time ceases to have a meaning. Their last trip remains an experience of yesterday. They overwhelm their most distant acquaintances with long ac-

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counts of their travel adventures. They are always talking about the people among whom they lived so intimately and whose naïve soul they studied. They discovered among these miracles of goodness, unselfishness, innocence, and poetry. They resent any allusion to the dirt, the greed, and the vices of the land of their foreign sojourn as if these were reflections upon their own parents. Their enthusiasm is without alloy. They quote Dante to deaf ears and absent-mindedly sing *O Sole mio*. They wear atrocious imitation-pearl necklaces. Their chief grievance with life is that they are blonde. No vetturino ever paid them the compliment of taking them for fellow countrymen. But they keep this a dark secret. They are constantly telling their friends: 'No, no one ever took us for Germans. They all treated us as if we were natives, absolutely. *Si, perfettamente!* Don't you remember, dear, in Pisa?' This lasts a year or two. Then they visit Scotland, and come back unadulterated Scotch.

After all, they are appealing personalities. You can't help liking them, as you do all true enthusiasts.

II. MAIN-STREETERS ABROAD

Usually they are an elderly couple whose sons are already self-supporting and whose daughters have been married off. Or else they travel with Lieschen, the eldest daughter, whom they are bringing along in spite of the expense, because you never can tell — Mamma sees prospects; possibly even a graf with an automobile.

There are several ways of identifying tourists of this type. In the first place, they distrust the baggage car and take all their luggage in their compartment. Generally it includes Japanese straw hampers, their covers strapped down with plaid belts. These are very practical and economical, for they weigh almost nothing and are surprisingly capacious. Papa can get along for four weeks in Switzerland with one of these little basket-trunks. But they 've also much other hand luggage — bags of all descriptions, and a smaller basket filled with provisions, as if there were neither station restaurants nor dining-cars in Germany.

They do not patronize the dining-cars, because Mamma never feels well when eating in one, on account of the motion, and Lieschen has no appetite. The truth is they consider it outright extortion to pay three marks for a dinner, with drinks and tips extra. In addition to their other luggage, Lieschen also carries along for several days three withered bouquets, one of which the Provisor timidly brought to her at the station. She goes to the washroom to freshen them with water every hour or so, and always blushes scarlet when she crowds back past the knees of the gentleman in the compartment to resume her seat. Sometimes the train strikes a curve just then. In such cases Lieschen loses her balance and involuntarily grasps a stranger's shoulder for support.

'Lieschen!' exclaims Mamma with mild reproof, smiling apologetically at Herr Müller. 'Yes, the road is frightfully rough here.'

Unquestionably the best part of the journey is while they are in the railway compartment. Outside it is one endless succession of disputes. Ah, the hotel! The interminable tips! Tips are the obsessing nightmare of such tourists. They rasp their nerves, spoil every meal, and haunt them in their sleep. Especially in their sleep: Mamma could never endure strange beds. Who knows who slept in them yesterday? Possibly some sick man. And the hard pillows! Mother always brings her own pillow with her. Without it she 'd be

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lost. It is carefully wrapped up in a bright cover held in place by a yellow strap, and is the first thing to be unpacked. Even in the compartment it serves to support her weary head — for naturally they travel third-class.

Lieschen is always timid in strange hotels. She bolts her door carefully every night and puts two chairs in front of it, looks under her bed, and searches all the closets. Then she hangs a vanity bag in front of the keyhole, and blushes as she undresses.

They always get up early, just as early as they can, for they must improve the shining hour. Traveling costs so much. Mamma never has slept a wink the previous night; but still she did n't hear the thunderstorm that kept Lieschen awake. They are abroad betimes so as to be sure to complete the entire round of sights and promenades. Papa reads from the Baedeker, and Lieschen adds a little here and there from her school learning. Or else they stand at some point having a fine view and Papa unrolls the panorama. He reads the names of the peaks and points them out, but generally confuses the south with the north and makes a frightful hodgepodge of geography. Meanwhile Mamma with her hands folded placidly in front of her recalls that this is weekly market day at home, and reflects how fine it is not to have to worry about what to buy and what to cook for dinner. Then her thoughts drift away to Aunt Lina, whose daughter is getting along in years and is not yet engaged. Oh, what would she say if Lieschen . . . Lieschen blushes and drops her eyes when two gentleman tourists appear. She studies her Scotch traveling-hose and thinks triumphantly of her girl friends, who have never had an opportunity to meet strangers on the Schafberg.

But the happiest moment of the day is when they go to the post office and get their mail. For, no matter how far from home these people are, home is still their principal concern. They gaze at Alpine peaks, and loiter through museums, but thoughts of home are always uppermost in their hearts. Foreign lands and strange customs only endear the more their own familiar street. So when letters come from home everything else is forgotten. What in comparison is Grindelwald, Gossensass, or Pallanza? They stand on the sidewalk in front of the post office for a first glance of the contents of their letters — or, if they have masterful self-restraint, they wait until they reach a bench in the park across the way. Mother's tortoise-shell lorgnette trembles in her hands. Thank God, all the children have written! Papa reads aloud, hugging under his arm a precious treasure — the home newspaper.

And what news there is! Otto and his wife and child have had a day's outing in Pichelsdorf. Ah, Mamma thinks to herself, Pichelsdorf — is n't it just as beautiful there as it is here? Indeed, for a moment she has forgotten where she is. Bozen, Meran, Verona, fade from her view. Lehmann's have their silver wedding Sunday. 'Heavens, Lieschen, send them a telegram. Is n't this Saturday? How charming of Mariechen to remember us.'

They fairly bolt the news. After Papa has read the letters aloud, Mamma takes possession of them and reads them through again from end to end. Her face is radiant with joy. 'Heavens, Lieschen, did you see? Aunt Bertha's milk diet is working wonders. She has already gained three pounds. But she needed it. What 's that you 've got?'

Lieschen has something too. Three of her girl friends have written extra-postage letters, and the timid Provisor

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has sent her a picture postal card showing Moissi in the rôle of Romeo. Lieschen is torn between two passions. She does n't know which she loves the more, Moissi or the Provisor. But she will eventually choose the latter, for he is attainable.

But it is also Papa's hour. He reads the newspaper. First he devours the editorials; then he bolts the local paragraphs; next he scans voraciously the market reports; and finally recovers his breath leisurely poring over the advertisements.

Meanwhile Mamma and Lieschen are having a lively discussion. 'What shall they take back to the folks? Who 'll be at the station to meet them? Will Minnie have the house in order? Supposing she has a sweetheart and is receiving him in the kitchen? How do you suppose the sweet peas are looking? What shall they have for dinner the first Sunday?'

During all their trip an unanswered question is constantly hovering in the background of their thoughts. Why are they traveling? Surely it is better at home, where they are more comfortable and have better food. Traveling means privation, irritation, expense, and wrangling. Why do they travel?

Assuredly the happiest moment of the trip is when they pull into their home station. Everybody is there: Otto, Mariechen, Emma, Berta, Eduard, Aunt Lina — Heavens, even Uncle August! And, Lieschen, see! There 's the Herr Provisor! And with roses, Lieschen! In a moment everything is joyful confusion. Mamma cries. Lieschen says, 'But, Herr Provisor, these wonderful roses! I did n't see handsomer ones in Montreux.' Yes, after all, they have improved their education; they can casually drop wonderful names like Montreux every now and then.

III. SNOBS IN TRANSIT

Often a young married couple, but more commonly a single young man — either an idler who has inherited a little property, or a rising young merchant. You recognize the snob first of all by his luggage. He travels with far too much, and everything of the most expensive and showy kind. Before he started out he purchased his entire outfit at a fashionable shop. Yet at home, when by themselves, snobs for the most part live frugally and modestly — with coffee stains on the tablecloth and warmed-over food for supper.

If they are a young couple, and they cannot afford a valet, the lady takes her lap-dog, a poor shivering little creature in a leash big enough to hold an ox. The gentleman wears a monocle and sometimes registers at the hotel under an assumed and aristocratic-sounding name. He hates meeting people he knows, but adopts all kinds of petty stratagems to attract strangers' attention. He will charter a private motor-boat for a trip which the wealthiest and most exclusive people take by ordinary steamer. He 'll take an automobile where the train would serve equally well. In the latter case, he keeps the car waiting in front of the hotel as long as possible before leaving, and then carelessly walks out as if he had all day to spare. He enters the Mercédès as if he were accustomed to do so every day. His formula of existence is to be blasé.

Your snob tourist does n't live for himself, but for the people around him. He gives excessive tips, not because he is liberal, but in order that the servility of the hotel personnel may impress the other guests. His whole happiness is centred in the opinion of others. No one's admiration is a matter of indifference to the snob. He trembles before the judgment of the elevator boy, and

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grovels in his heart for the respect of the hackman.

He travels in order to say that he has been at places. He no longer considers Italy, Switzerland, or Belgium worth his attention; he must visit Egypt, the Canary Islands, Greece — or, if he would be quite up to date, an American seaside resort. The impression a place makes on him is unimportant; the impression his presence there makes on others is what counts. He scorns the tourist's Baedeker and picks up his scanty local information from the hotel porter. He asks where the best amusements are, and then sneaks out to play cards with a chance acquaintance of the same sort as himself in a modest barroom corner. When he gets home he relates all sorts of marvelous adventures. But the truth is he enjoys himself better there at home. He is simply the slave of vanity.

Naturally people of this sort travel first-class and court the acquaintance of their first-class fellow travelers. Yet they seldom meet anyone worth knowing. Still, a trip is well repaid if they eventually receive some months later a picture postal card from Crimea with a casual greeting from Graf von Messeritz.

IV. MIGRATORY RHAPSODISTS

You recognize them at once by their knapsacks and tourist togs. They are generally young men or elderly men, the latter often corpulent. Or else they are maiden ladies of various ages, but rarely matrons. Marriage makes ladies comfortable and fat.

The knapsack contains a modicum of extra linen, a thermos flask, luncheon, and a few simple remedies for blistered feet and sunburn. These travelers also carry a good stout walking-stick, with an iron spike in one end.

Thus equipped they leave home, usually in the early dusk, in the third-class compartment of a special train. It is frightfully uncomfortable — eight people crowded into one compartment, and the thermometer in the eighties. Two snore, two talk incessantly, and all perspire. But the joy of traveling! The idealist carries a secret charm that makes him laugh at hardships. Even inability to sleep becomes an adventure. The snoring merges into the fancied harmonies of the night, and the broiling heat is reminiscent of some distant tropic strand.

Yes, the god of the wanderers has cast a glamour over these fortunates that changes all things in their eyes. They sleep on straw, and no royal-court bed ever was so soft. They eat at a chauffeur's lunch-wagon, and no gourmand was ever fed so famously. They reach the summit of a mediocre peak bathed in perspiration, and explode with jubilant delight in admiration of their Creator and His works. They plod along dusty highways in a stifling stench of gasoline, and imagine that they are treading the emerald fields of Elysium.

They are friends of all the world. They greet everyone they pass with excessive cordiality. They court conversation with the natives. They thank effusively the innkeeper who has bedded them in an attic, the waitress who has served them cold soup, and the porter who has daubed their mountain shoes with rancid fat.

They have laid out a colossal programme for themselves. They seldom have an opportunity to travel, and must do everything at once. But they hate railways, and as soon as they leave the train fall into raptures over the pedestrian's life. But they are often miserable walkers. They toil along, grunting and perspiring under their knapsacks, roasting in the sun and shivering in the shade. Yet such dis-

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comforts count for nothing. They have hypnotized themselves into the conviction that this is the only life. Their feet are blistered, the straps of their knapsack have cut their shoulders until the wounds are raw, their sunburned faces sting like fire; but they are radiantly happy. They are the lucky slaves of an ideal, martyrs of a faith.

These rhapsodists recognize each other at sight. Knapsacks have a magnetic power. Their bearers strike up eternal friendship on the Faulhorn and fall in love on the road to the Gornergrat. So these trips are often embellished with unanticipated romances. One sets out for Venice in mountain boots and a reefer, and spends three unforgettable nights upon the lagoons of Venice. Life becomes a poem, an anthology bound in gilt. The happy wanderers stamp across the Piazzetta in their heavy hobnailed boots, and tramp with resounding footsteps through the Palace of the Doges. Their souls are so full of harmonious melodies that they are all unconscious of what physical discords they strike amid such surroundings.

These tourists return home enriched in mind and spirit. Drudgery is lighter than ever before, muscles are more elastic, their footsteps are springier, the blood courses faster through their veins. Though they must content themselves henceforth for an indefinite time with modest excursions into the suburbs, even there every tiny stretch of lawn throws them into an ecstasy, and each hill has a view rivaling that from Mount Pisgah. Their knapsack and their stout stick hang over their bed. On especially solemn occasions they take out and contemplate their hobnail boots, whereupon their narrow hallroom widens into a world of boundless vistas.

V. THE ISOLATIONISTS

They never speak. If you address them they pause a moment to bethink themselves of an evasive answer. They enter the train at some obscure station, noiselessly and seriously. Who are they? People with blighted lives? Exiles? Eccentrics? Poets? You see them at every hotel. They eat apart at a small table and give liberal tips to remain alone. You meet them on secluded benches, on mountain peaks, by murmuring brooks, but they hasten off like shy wild creatures the moment they hear an approaching footstep. Young girls fall desperately in love with them. Matrons regard them with maternal favor. Young ladies study them thoughtfully. But they are not so popular with men, who distrust and resent unsociability. All this matters nothing, however, to your solitary tourist, who cares as little for love as for unpopularity. He is aloof even toward the few people to whom he must speak in order to have his daily needs supplied.

On the railway train he barricades himself behind a book or loses himself in contemplation of the landscape. Generally he is well-to-do. Solitude is a luxury, a double luxury; it requires both money and intelligence. Your solitary tourist travels when other people stay at home. He goes south in the summer, to the mountains in the spring, and makes sea voyages in the winter. He is a refined master of self-indulgence. Don't trust him. Silence is deceptive. For who is he? A man with a blighted life? An exile? An eccentric? A poet? Yes, perhaps a poet. A silent, lonely poet surveying the world from his isolation and writing a malicious book about the harmless, kindly, inoffensive folks who people it.

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GEORGES DUHAMEL, LITERARY PHYSICIAN OF MODERN PARIS[1]

BY ANDRÉ THÉRIVE

SINCE Georges Duhamel asks the public for its friendship as well as its esteem, I fancy that a good many readers may be curious about this writer's personality; and as he is one of those who are encountered least frequently in public life and on the market place, let us try to tear the veil from him. For those who know how to read, however, his portrait has already been painted with his own brush in one of his books, *Hommes abandonnés*, in which the unfortunate Salavin is urged to discover again his tyrannical confessor: 'He saw coming toward him in the distance, among the scattered crowd of the morning, a large man, slightly bent, clothed in a big chestnut-colored overcoat, wearing a black-felt hat and horn spectacles on a face that was round and shaven and a little fat.'

Pictures of Duhamel are already abundant. Ten painters have fixed his image, or what they conceived to be his image, for I have not seen one that does not misrepresent him. They give him an air of excessive gravity, a meditative posture which by no means interprets the wit that is in him, the swift and agile intelligence, the nose that smiles, the receptive lips, and that malicious glance. Untouched of frozen or malicious irony, he lets those cunning, joyous ancestors, whom he must have had on some thoroughly French soil, express themselves in him. In every feature his face marks a pleasant, alert intelligence, but also one which is keen and critical. I cannot forgive those who see in this man anything solemn, honeyed, or priestly.

In origin he is an excellent type of the Frenchman. His mother was a Parisian with Norman blood. He himself was born at Paris, and his father, whose name has a suggestion of Picardy, came from the Île de France. It is worth observing that he is a doctor, like his son, and to-day in his seventies. The elder M. Duhamel still glows with a life and love of living which are quite unparalleled. Some of his characteristics, exaggerated in a dazzling way, appear in the imaginary narrator of his son's *Origine et prospérité des Singes*.

Georges Duhamel was born on June 13, 1884. He is a doctor of medicine and *licencié ès sciences* who holds certificates in chemistry, physiology, and histology from the Sorbonne. His first book dates from 1907, but, whatever people may say, he always had the writing vocation. It would be remarkable if his gifts were merely the fruit of application alone. It is, as a matter of fact, true that after an education that was primarily scientific, and after his career had begun first in medicine, he found in certain friendships and rivalries the urge to become a writer.

Let others write his biographies in detail. That is not what I propose, and I am not sure but that the history of his books may not be worth more than the story of the relationships in his external life. Enough for us to know that when the war broke out he was a man, not a youth. Although not eligible at first for

[1] From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris literary weekly), *August* 8

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mobilization, he volunteered, became a military surgeon, and was at the front for fifty months. There has never been better painting than his *Civilisation*, *Vie des martyrs*, and *Entretiens dans le tumulte*. He led the life of all the lives where one can learn to know war. Neither the rear nor the extreme front permits it so well. I believe that the ambulance zone on the very edge of the front is ideally adapted for a witness. Perhaps if he had been a major with a troop unit, doing less medical work and taking his part in another sphere, he would have formed a rather different picture of the war, but the picture that he formed would surely have been less frightful, less exact — no matter how paradoxical this may seem. A doctor who, like Duhamel, has carried out fifteen thousand operations on wounded men has seen only the army that suffers, not the army militant or triumphant.

Among French writers, who are by custom a rather sedentary lot, Georges Duhamel may be regarded as a great traveler. He has traveled through all of Central Europe; he knows Greece and the Orient; he has lived in Tunis twice; he has made his way as far as Finland. But I imagine that one would most wish to see him in his two family-homes — one at Valmondois, where he occupies a peaceful book-filled house beneath towering trees, or else at Paris, where he ordinarily spends his winters.

The rue Vauquelin, on the south slope of the mountain Sainte-Genevieve, belongs to a quarter which we may describe because Duhamel's plots are often laid in its atmosphere. The quarter is both popular and studious. It shelters both professors and shopkeepers. There was a time when poor students found shelter here, and one can see two Jewish schools, a chemical institute, an agricultural school, a dusty riding-school that serves for public gatherings. From his windows Duhamel can look out upon that frightful barracks, the École Normale, and the bell-towers of the convents. All around him still exist little alleyways without sidewalks, a house full of nurses which must have sheltered Vautrin, a Benedictine monastery, a Swedenborgian temple converted into a moving-picture show. Duhamel loves Paris, whose soul he feels more intimately than any other writer. His delight in the commonplace aspects of the city does not come by any means from that snobbish affection, once so popular, for filth and misery. He loves these city landscapes where one finds work and courage and thought. Whether he lives in Belleville or the Batignolles, he is placed at a point of observation, the only place where the intellectuals come close to the people, close even to the plebs.

In Paris Duhamel lives in the upper part of a dark and silent house, with his books, his wife, and his two sons. A statuette of Maillol adorns his fireplace, and a mask of Pascal shows its strange grin of mingled suffering and happiness. On a bookcase in front of the books a few clay urns fascinate the visitor. They were gathered up by the novelist during excavations in Carthage, and they are funereal receptacles. At the bottom of each is the dust of a child's skeleton — a child who was burned to death in honor of Moloch. These trivial relics of barbarism are the lares which Duhamel contemplates while he listens to the bright laughter of his boys penetrating through the study wall. My reader will picture to himself better the surroundings in which Duhamel lives when I tell him that the heavy Louis XIII furniture, the dark woodwork of the bookcases, and the veiled lamps produce a general effect that is somewhat austere. On the wall there are some very remarkable

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pictures by d'Asselin and Girieud, and the finest Vlamincks that I know, recalling the large, dismal landscapes of the great suburb. Nor must we forget the canvas of Henri Doucet, a very dear friend of Duhamel who never was able to fulfill the whole measure of his talent before he was killed in Ypres at the age of thirty.

Although it is not customary to regard Duhamel as a man of wide reading or a humanist, he is one, none the less. We owe to him an *Anthologie de la poésie lyrique française*, published at Leipzig in 1924, which marks at once his learning and his taste. The selections from each author are preceded by a note upon him borrowed from one of his contemporaries or his peers. No need to add that Duhamel owns many very beautiful books. He can caress an admirable Montaigne, a sumptuous Amyot, a magnificent Froissart, and a Monstrelet that anyone would envy. Nor must we fail to note that he thumbs the pages of Littré's dictionary, of which he keeps a copy both in the city and in the country. Every year he rereads *Le Rouge et le Noire* — which I do not think is mere sentimentality on his part, for he knows better than anyone, this friend of living humanity, that books are the most living part of the human race.

SIMPLE AGE

BY ALEXANDER GRAY

[Poetry]

WHEN I was young and looked abroad,
My heart's desires were two:
There was so much I thought to learn,
So much I meant to do.

Now in my simpler age I count
My heart's desire as one:
There is so much I would forget
Of all that I have done.

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THE ELUSIVE TREASURE[1]

BY IRETSKII

[V. IRETSKII is a modern Russian story-writer rising to prominence.]

IF you drive up from Stara Balka along the hillside, and then turn off to that narrow village-road which makes a long detour to Bakhmut, in the district of Kharkof, you will see on your third mile — or perhaps on your fourth — several cavelike excavations. They are not close to the roadside, but some distance away, so that many pass them without noticing them. In any case, a stranger would give them no thought, thinking them sand or gravel pits. But just ask a native for information. He will tell you at once that these excavations were dug for no such prosaic object, but in search of a hidden treasure. Since times immemorial people have hunted here for a treasure which is plainly marked on an authentic chart, but has never been found.

No wonder, either, that they have hunted. What man accustomed to toil for a few kopecks a day can resist the temptation to gamble on sudden wealth? The kopeck earned by the sweat of the brow is good, but the one luck gives you for nothing is better. The one you earn goes for bread, but the one fortune throws you sweetens your life. That is why the country people keep up the long quest — some with a prayer, some, as the gossip goes, with the help of Satan, who can pick every lock and discover every hiding-place. And whoever has once tasted the sweet poison of the treasure-dream will remain a cave-digger all his life.

Nichipor Babaryka was one of those stubborn diggers. As soon as spring came, streams thawed in the ravines, and the earth emerged from under the snows, he would leave his house and wander from *kurgan* — ancient burial-mound — to gully or hill-slide to see if the earth had not mayhap disgorged something from her jealous depths. Like a pensive crane, he stalked across all the steppes; he had been to the *kurgany* of the olden-time robbers near Saratov; he had dug in the sands near Kerch; he knew how to recite many charms, and was even in possession of the miracle-working grass called *spryg;* but he had never found a treasure. Once he unearthed five ancient, heavy five-kopeck pieces. He thought it was a sort of omen — a first sign. But it was also the end of his discoveries. He lived in hopeless poverty, hardly keeping his family alive by working winters as underclerk or watchman; and all his tireless searching, which weighed down his soul with a sadness heavy as a stone, had yielded him nothing but the nickname 'Earth-digger' and a feverish flame in his eyes. Upon his deathbed he spoke to his son: —

'Look for it, thou. It may be written that thou shalt find it. If thou findest it, thou shalt be among men. If not, thou shalt live all thy life in misery. There's no other way.'

The son, Philip, disregarded this injunction, since happiness does not lie in treasures. He went to the factory. They taught him how to swing a ham-

[1] From *Dni* (Berlin Conservative-Socialist Russian-language daily), *April* 5

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mer and to head rivets, and so well did he swing his hammer that he swung himself into consumption, and so he had to take up another calling. He worked then on the estates of Count Perovskii, later hired out to the Don Cossacks to mow hay, and finally became a log and lumber scaler in a sawmill. All the time he lived in poverty, eating coarse food — bread, dried fish, and garlic. At length he decided to marry, so as not to live longer like a lonely dog; but just then war came to prevent it. Although Philip had a very narrow chest and his breathing sounded as though somebody were blowing into a bladder, nevertheless they drafted him and assigned him to serve behind the front. For three years and a half he strode after a supply wagon — now in Poland, now in Galicia, now in Rumania. And so much injustice and cruelty did he see and hear there that in the end life became a burden to him. If he had remained in service a while longer, he would have sought a voluntary death in the firing-line.

Then, like a thunderclap, came the revolution. It turned everybody's plans topsy-turvy, and everything upside down, as if the Devil himself had taken the world in hand. Men who had been at the bottom all at once came on top, and those who used to enjoy themselves at the top suddenly vanished for good. Philip himself became entangled in the thing, and this time life gripped him like a vise. Before he knew it, he found himself one of the Bolsheviki.

'Thou art hot-headed, Babaryka,' friends would say to him. 'Thou wouldst smash everything and build anew.'

He answered: 'Because patching up won't do no good. We got to clean out all the old stuff — send it to the Devil. Then things will set themselves straight again because they have to — in a better way.'

'So thy hit-and-miss fellows will build it, eh? Hit-and-miss bunglers, that's what they are, thy Bolsheviki.'

'Maybe they are. But they are searching for real truth. *Borshch* with a dash of sour cream in it is all you care for. But they want to give you whole bowls of sour cream!'

'They will? Open your mouth wide. A bowl of lies is all they'll give you.'

'We'll see.'

Seeing he was not to be beaten in argument, they finally let him alone.

'Let it be as thou sayest. Go to thy Bolsheviki. Thou wilt stay with them for a year and change thy color again.'

For five years, nevertheless, Philip served them faithfully. He worked like an ox, starved like a wolf, was ill with spotted typhus. Men wondered whither he drew his strength. He knew the Bolshevist doctrines by heart, like the Lord's Prayer. The principal Soviet decrees were all on the end of his tongue.

'Thou oughtest to be commissar,' they told him; 'why waste time?'

'*Nichevo!* My time will come. Just wait.'

Years passed, but his time did not seem to come. He was poor, and remained poor. He grew as black and withered as a dried herring. His clothes were rags; he had nothing to carry him over a rainy day; and his strength began to ebb. He became more thoughtful, except that there was n't much time to think: the work never ceased.

One day they put Babaryka in charge of a small estate — a Soviet farm. He managed it well, systematically and honestly, and instead of asking for more money to spend on the property, he regularly paid some profits into the public treasury. As usually happens, his superiors concluded that a man who admits he is making a regular profit must be making five times as much,

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and so they put a tax on him — a heavy Bolshevist tax. In addition, people who wanted to get him out of a profitable farm began to undermine his reputation. He was wearied with contradictory instructions written with a chemical pencil. Then, to crown it all, this happened.

The former owner of the estate lived on the farm. He was a little bald-headed man — a sort of inoffensive, timid rabbit. All he asked was the right to occupy two rooms in the attic of his former home, to be given four rows in the vegetable garden, and pasture for his milch goat. His wife was formerly a lady with white hands, but now she worked like a peasant to support them. He himself never worked, but sat in the shade in a white-pongee coat and wrote and wrote — books of some kind, the Devil knows what. And he so clung to his old ways that every night he would put his boots outside the door to be polished — and in the morning would polish them himself. Such a fool he was.

In former times he used to dig up the earth, just like Philip's father. Only the former looked for silver and gold, and this old toad used to collect fragments of useless broken pottery, and be very proud of them. Sometimes when Babaryka was half crazy with his farm troubles, his accounts, and conflicting instructions from his superiors, he would go to that clean-dressed old fool for advice. For after all such a man must have a lot of education and ought to know how to run a farm properly. But the old man would only blink at him and talk nonsense.

'I am,' he would say, 'incompetent in these matters. I am an archæologist.'

Now it happens that in Russian the word archæologist, which of course was unfamiliar to Philip, sounds almost exactly like a very common expression meaning 'archfool,' and Philip took the old man's statement at its face value, as he understood it. Why not? All his life he had lived off that farm, getting fat on it; but as to running it — no, sir; others knew how to do it for him.

One day Babaryka got angry with him and said: —

'I say, citizen, I wish you'd write some kind of special book — a useful kind of book for everybody. A practical book, so to speak. As it is, you — excuse me — you do nothing but spoil paper with your writings. What the devil can the proletariat do with them?'

Whereupon the clean little old fellow rubbed his bald head, smiled like a horse's skull, and answered in a weak little voice: —

'Everyone works according to his capacity. Each does his share. And besides, each looks for his own happiness. I find mine in broken pots, and you find yours in something else. Let's not interfere with one another.'

Babaryka well-nigh went black with anger.

'We've got to look for happiness for all of us together,' he said to the old man. 'Together, in a crowd. That's what the revolution came to do. And then, you don't have to look for happiness, either, because they've found it already. It's useful labor for the general welfare.'

But the bald little man kept repeating: —

'No, you man.' And he added with a cunning little smile: 'The wise man has n't been born yet who can tell what happiness is.'

Babaryka boiled over. 'So then, citizen, you don't recognize Lenin? Repudiate him? Count him for nothing?'

'All nonsense,' the old man retorted. 'Lenin's word is not the last word, either.'

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'Nonsense!'

Babaryka could not contain himself. He snatched a big piece of a broken pot from the table and struck the old man once upon his bald head. The blood ran in a stream. After two days' suffering the old man died, with a tear in one open eye. Well, of course, they did send Philip Babaryka to the People's Court; but they pardoned him, because he was an hereditary, respectable proletarian. He was set free, but his enemies seized the opportunity to put him out of his well-run Soviet farm. He was relieved of his post 'on account of high temper.'

Of course he knew that he had killed a man without cause, and was ashamed of it; but nevertheless, when they put him out, they did not appreciate his work. He spat, sighed, and swore strong oaths. Then he took to wandering.

It does not take long in Russia for a man to get used to wandering. Put a thin knapsack on your back and stride on! Philip passed Cossack villages, once fat and fragrant, but now all topsy-turvy and gnawed as bare as a horse's skeleton on the steppe. He passed Ukrainian villages and shook his head: where milk-pots and red women's skirts used to dry upon hedge-poles, the hedges had been burned for fuel, or else lay flat on the ground, and the red skirts were hoisted up as flags. The peasants lived on the lookout. Is n't a *mohach* coming?

'What is a mohach?' Philip asked.

They would look around cautiously and answer: 'Mohachi are men who have license to do anything — seize your cattle or grain, or set you against a wall and shoot you. Everything.'

'There's only one thing to bear in mind,' another muzhik said; 'lie low so nobody will notice you. Neither friend nor foe. I fade away, that's all.'

Many versts did Babaryka wander, but everywhere he heard the same complaints: —

'How they fed us with hopes at first, the Bolsheviki did! "You'll live happy if you only obey us." Happy we live, too! We know how the fox hired out to keep the chickens from the hawks. As the saying goes, the merchant cheats you with his yardstick, the tailor with his shears, and the Bolshevik with his promise. All of them are liars. As it used to be, so it remains: every muzhik has seven masters, and each of them wants to make him happy.'

'You don't mean, do you, that it used to be better before?' Babaryka insisted.

The muzhiki snorted noisily through their noses and answered in chorus: —

'One and the same devil, now and before.'

The hillside road near Stara Balka is the same as ever; and the roundabout road to Bakhmut is the same, only people have worn a new road, still farther around, so they will not be robbed quite so easily. And as to the caves, they are still there, and look the same as they did in the days of our grandfathers.

Last summer three young muzhiki, Petro Skuba, Filimon Ridkoplui, and the Soviet village clerk Riabokon, drove past the caves. The evening was coming on. All three were so drunk they would take a lobster for a general, and were shouting at the top of their voices, 'For the Soviet Government!' All of a sudden Skuba began to tremble and wave his hands.

'Nichipor!' he cried. 'Nichipor the Earth-digger has come back from the other world!'

Riabokon — he was not a native of the district, but a tramp from Kharkof — looked with his lynx's eyes and said: —

'That cannot be. The other world is now abolished. Categorically annulled.'

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Filimon remembered Nichipor very well. He stared and said: —

'Looks somewhat like Nichipor. But is n't it Philip?'

'Sure, it's Philip! Hei, let's go and see the Communist!'

All of them had plenty of time: they were going to a district Soviet convention. So they turned the horse straight toward Philip and drove nearer.

'Hei, Philip!' Petro shouted. 'How are things with you? We thought you'd already gotten to where they set the goats' horns straight! Communist greetings!'

Babaryka turned his head and without raising his pickaxe from the ground looked at them. A gloomy and joyless light shone in his eyes.

'Well, so you've come back to your father's caves, have you?'

'N-n-no,' he said, rather shyly. 'Three years ago I buried my watch here.'

'Buried it? From whom? From Communists?'

Babaryka did not answer. Petro laughed so loud it could be heard all over the steppe, slapped his thighs, and said: —

'Good! Search for it. Look well. Maybe you'll find something. Maybe you'll find that sour cream — remember that sour cream, eh?'

Babaryka's eyes shone like green water standing in a gutter. They all drank. Babaryka brought dry weeds from one of his caves and made a fire to cook millet gruel with mutton fat. They sat around the fire and talked of things that people always talk about when the twilight is coming upon the steppe and the sky grows red in the west; for with the blue haze of the night an eternal, deep-buried, restless anxiety descends upon the world. The earth, scorched by the sun all day, now exhales that bittersweet scent of grain-bearing soil which so delights a peasant's nostrils.

Babaryka and Filimon alone were awake when night descended. Darkness brought with it the long-drawn, sad call of the steppe that can be heard from one kurgan to the other. Above their heads birds called in alarm. Somebody's errant, restless soul must have lost its way and be seeking anxiously from kurgan to kurgan, from fire to fire, for its last resting-place.

'Thou hast told a lie about that watch — was n't that so?' Filimon asked.

'Yes,' said Babaryka. He looked sullen. Then he gathered his spoons, his kettle, and the remnants of the bread into his knapsack and went to sleep in one of the caves — so that he would be nearer the treasure that he had not yet found.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

POSTHUMOUS MORALS: THE GLADSTONE DISPUTE

LONDON has hummed like a hive of indignant bees over the assertion, contained in Captain Peter Wright's recent and now notorious book, *Portraits and Criticisms*, that the great Liberal prime minister Gladstone, though hypocritically professing the highest principles, was actually a man of dubious morality. Within a week practically every journal in London had printed an indignant note controverting the assertion, and the dead leader's sons were swift to challenge the slander of their father's memory in the most pugnacious and practical fashion possible. Even the daughter of Lord Salisbury, Gladstone's bitterest political antagonist, wrote a public letter testifying to her father's cordial admiration of his opponents personal character, and the publishers of the offending volume made haste to explain that the objectionable passage had not appeared in the original manuscript but had been added by the author in the proofs, thus escaping their scrutiny.

It is said that the book, or at least this paragraph in it, would have wholly escaped Lord Gladstone's attention if some kind friend had not sent him a marked copy. Even then it needed a chance remark at a dinner to spur him on, but when he did act it was with the biggest stick he could lay hands on.

As only the barest outlines of the dispute have appeared in the scanty dispatches cabled to America, it is worth while reviewing the whole story now that it is finally apparent that the author does not intend to take up the challenge of the Gladstone family.

The offending passage ran: —

> His fastidious spirit (Lord Salisbury's) was still further repelled by Liberalism, either in its members, who worshiped God and Mammon with equal zeal, assigning to Mammon the inward service, and leaving God to content Himself with the outward professions; or in its leader, Mr. Gladstone, who founded the great tradition since observed by many of his followers and successors with such pious fidelity, in public to speak the language of the highest and strictest principle, and in private to pursue and possess every sort of woman.

Under English law no such thing as libel of the dead is recognized, and it was therefore impossible for Gladstone's two surviving sons to sue Captain Wright. That is why they took the next-best course by endeavoring to compel Captain Wright to sue them, thus bringing the whole matter into court, where testimony could be heard and their father's memory cleared. First consulting high legal authority to make sure they were affording ample provocation for a libel action against themselves, they publicly insulted Captain Wright by writing a letter in which they called him a 'liar,' 'coward,' and 'fool' for publishing 'inventions.' Then, as British law requires that a libel must be 'published,' they were careful to send their letter to the *Nation* and to Captain Wright's publishers; and to force Captain Wright into the open they published a legal opinion that their letter was 'clearly actionable' — a rather odd assertion for solicitors to desire to make public. Finally they invited Captain Wright in

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so many words to come into court: 'The public will take its own judgment if you decline to take the only course consistent with honor and truth — action against us in a court of law.'

This the author who had drawn such a storm about his ears declined to do. Challenged to make good his assertion about Gladstone's private character, he fell back on a casual remark by Lord Milner that Gladstone was 'governed by his seraglio.' The obvious explanation of this remark — which turns out after so many years to have been so unlucky — is given by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who actually heard it made: —

We were all discussing then what was Gladstone's next move, — would he resign office, or would he go on, — and Milner smilingly said that one had always to count with the seraglio. I gave to the words the perfectly palpable meaning. Everybody knew that Mr. Gladstone was very much under the control of the loving women who surrounded him with such perpetual solicitude, notably of course his wife and his daughter, now Mrs. Drew. Milner meant to imply that their anxiety about his health might very well range them on the side of those who thought that the old man was unwise to continue to put himself to the terrible strain of the premiership, and that probably their advice would be on the side of those who wanted him to retire.

If Milner thought — and I am sure he did n't — that Gladstone had the habits which Mr. Wright unwarrantably attributes to him, he was too much of a gentleman to say so.

It seems fairly evident that the origin of the story is to be found in the personal share which Gladstone took in the effort to reform and reclaim fallen women, a work which was one of his great religious interests and in the pursuit of which he repeatedly exposed himself to slander and misunderstanding, well knowing that it would be so. Of this Mr. O'Connor has another anecdote to tell: —

Gladstone was, I say, talking to one of these unfortunates upon a certain night in May 1853 when a creature called Wilson stepped forward, told Gladstone he recognized him, said he would expose him in the *Morning Herald* unless a sum of money was paid to him there and then, or a situation promised to him in Somerset House. Gladstone, at the time, was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and of course might have been presumed to have some such offices at his disposal.

Gladstone took the fellow by the nape of the neck, called for a policeman, and gave him into custody. He was tried at the Central Criminal Court in the following June, sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labor, Gladstone himself giving evidence. It was characteristic of him that some time afterward he pleaded that the filthy criminal's sentence should be curtailed; and it was.

*

EPICS NOWADAYS

A CRITIC in the *Calcutta Review* contributes an odd new idea to the discussion of that much-discussed volume, *The Forsyte Saga*. As is almost inevitable in an Indian periodical, the critic misspells the book, a slip which does not notably affect the validity of his notion: —

A curious transformation has taken place in the writing of epics, and it is not easy to account for the change.

Epics are no longer written in poetic form, and one cannot help wondering if this is because in the rush of modern life prose is more easily read than poetry, that prose is now the language of 'the people' and poetry that of the leisured few. In the past the position was the reverse, the song or recitation being the language understood by all peoples and written prose the possession of the privileged few. Of course, it is always possible that epic poetry is only slumbering for a few generations, and that it will burst into spring glory again in the not far distant future.

But whatever the reason, epics do not now take poetical form, and this probably accounts for why the undiscerning reader

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thinks of them as a lost art. Yet an epic was published in the year 1922 — *The Forsyth Saga*, by John Galsworthy.

It is the old story of man's possessive instincts in conflict with beauty; only here, instead of an Olympian stage-setting, horse-hair sofas, heavy Victorian furniture, pictures of Dutch fishing-boats or still life, take its place.

Yet the Homeric struggle is there, and the great phrases of the Greek bard are strangely applicable.

♣

MATCHMAKING IN GERMANY

THE social upheaval that followed the war has had the odd effect of complicating the business problems of German matrimonial agents, who fill a part in foreign society which in American eyes is almost incredible. One of these agents, blessed with a large clientele, claims to have arranged three thousand marriages within a period of twenty-five years.

Before the war the client, business man or nobleman, was willing to pay the fees demanded, and his respect for his word was a matter of importance, because matrimonial agencies' fees are not recognized as debts in German courts of law, and the agent whose client refuses to pay has therefore no redress whatever. The natural result is to increase fees, partly because of increased risk due to the strain of hard times on the client's conscience, and partly because fees on credit have had to be introduced. Acquaintanceships likely to lead to profitable marriages are now assessed as high as twenty-four per cent of the financial profits.

The clientele of the marriage market has changed in other respects. Except as husbands to movie actresses, to whom they are quite useful for purposes of publicity, barons are distinctly at a discount. Indeed, the present situation of baronies gives point to the quip of the American novelist who once remarked that in Germany barons were 'as plentiful as blackberries and generally as seedy.'

Because in Germany the social status of the unmarried woman is incomplete, professional women, whose numbers are increasing, are eager to marry and acquire the useful title of 'Frau.' This is said to be especially true of women doctors, but artists, photographers, social workers, and business women are also eager to marry because they find that being unmarried is a drawback in professional careers. Only the woman teacher, who knows that marriage will hamper her professional future, hangs back. The agents say — to others besides prospective customers — that nearly all their feminine clients are pretty. For some reason ugly women are ashamed to use the matrimonial agency. One correspondent hazards the guess that this is because they shrink from the frank personal criticism of the agent.

♣

AN OSCAR WILDE FRAUD?

LITERARY circles in Great Britain have just awakened to the fact that a little scenario which describes itself as a 'Burmese Masque,' and which has always been attributed to Oscar Wilde, is quite possibly not his at all. The work in question is entitled 'For Love of the King.' It appeared for the first time in *Hutchinson's Magazine* in 1921 as a previously unpublished work, and a year later the famous English publishing house of Methuen included it as a supplement in its complete edition of Wilde.

At that time its authenticity was not suspected, but at least two critics did point out that it was glaringly below the level of Wilde's accepted work. Sir Edmund Gosse declared that the masque was 'almost certainly an intentional burlesque of its author's

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favorite mannerisms.' Sir Edmund added that the work had 'nothing to boast of but its trappings,' and without questioning the author's identity suggested that 'evidently this was not one of the occasions on which he took himself seriously.' The *Times Literary Supplement* wondered whether Wilde would have cared to see so slight a thing 'solemnly put out among his collected works.'

The storm broke when Mr. Stuart Mason set to work upon a bibliography of Wilde's writings. Securing the publishers' permission, he was permitted to inspect the original from which the 'Masque' had been printed. This is not a manuscript, but a typescript bearing manuscript corrections which Mr. Mason refuses to believe to be in Wilde's handwriting. There is the more reason to question the authenticity of the piece because certain other letters and verses alleged to be by Wilde have also been condemned as not authentic. The existence of fraudulent manuscripts throws the more doubt upon the typescript which is already under suspicion. Needless to say, no one in literary Britain presumes to cast any doubt upon the good faith of the publishers.

♣

A PEACEFUL WAR

AN incident of the recent revolution by the Greek general Pangalos, as veraciously reported by the London *Times*: 'At the Post Office, where a party of Pangalist officers and men blockaded a smaller party of Government officers and soldiers in one wing of the building, witnesses were surprised to hear one of the "defenders" call to a private in the "attacking force": "Yanni, when you get a chance, run home and tell mother to bring our lunch round, as I must stay here."'

♣

THE MODEST MARSHAL

TALES of the modest habits of a great man from the London *Sunday Times*:—

Marshal Foch has a reputation for modesty of habits, and a story that has just been given currency confirms it. As a contribution to the museum of the Legion of Honor, the Marshal presented the sword that was given to him by the United States in commemoration of the Allied victory. But when it was suggested that he might also present his kepi, he did not welcome the idea, explaining that he was still using it and saw no point in replacing it. The Marshal obviously gets good service out of his headgear. When an exhibition of the souvenirs of the French marshals was organized some time ago an illustrated journal asked for the loan of his kepi that it might be photographed. A representative called for it at eight o'clock on a Sunday morning. 'You can take it,' Foch informed him, 'but I must have it back before eleven, for I need it to go to Mass.'

♣

FURIOUS IN A FOREIGN TONGUE

CONCLUSION of a threatening note received by the editor of the *China Press*:—

But for George Washington, America has to remain as slaves and subjects as the American Indians did to King George V. Established order or rebellion? What do you mean and you want?

Beware of bombs, you bad egg of human beings.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Tortoiseshell Cat, by Naomi Royde-Smith. London: Constable; New York: Boni and Liveright.

Myrtle, by Stephen Hudson. London: Constable; New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Streamers Waving, by C. H. B. Kitchin. London: Hogarth Press. 6*s*.

Mrs. Dalloway, by Virginia Woolf. London: Hogarth Press; New York: Harcourt Brace. $2.50.

Piano Quintet, by E. Sackville West. London: Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Day of Atonement, by Louis Golding. London: Chatto & Windus; New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Harvest in Poland, by G. P. Dennis. London: Heinemann; New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

[H. C. Harwood in the *Spectator*]

CLARISSA. I was going to ask you if you could recommend me any of the spring-season novels. But I should only be wasting your time, and, what is more important, my own.

FRANK. Why?

CLARISSA. Because I should have to explain what I wanted, and I don't quite know. And I don't suppose that what I shall like in the middle of my holiday will be the same as I like now, when I am tired and neurotically fastidious. At the end, of course, I shall be infected by the disease of novel-reading, and may even take seriously Michael Arlen and S. P. B. Mais. What do you think?

FRANK. Shall I prescribe for you, then?

CLARISSA. Yes, but not ginger and colored water. Reasonably good books only.

FRANK. Well, to begin with I would take some books that do not make demands on you. *The Tortoiseshell Cat* is almost ideal. If it rambles a little, that is what you need. And it is as clever as paint, so that your nerves will not be jangled. Most of the characters are pleasant, and all are amusing. Claret cup, with nice little clean bits of ice clinking in it.

CLARISSA. That sounds all right. Can you promise me that there is no pet-worship in it?

FRANK. I can.

CLARISSA. That the men are not descended from Mr. Rochester, nor, on the other hand, from Mr. Woodhouse?

FRANK. Yes.

CLARISSA. That it won't send me to sleep, and it won't keep me awake?

FRANK. Just so. It will amuse, but not torture, your intelligence, and while it reminds you of reality — and indeed of some phases of experience not usually treated with this amount of delicacy in print — at the same time it raises no problems and advocates no cause.

CLARISSA. Thank you, Dr. Johnson. Anything else of the kind?

FRANK. You might try Stephen Hudson's *Myrtle*. Did n't you read his *Tony*?

CLARISSA. Yes . . . Yes, I did. A little too difficult for the beginning of the holiday; um?

FRANK. Oh, no. *Tony* in parts was rather difficult for anyone unfamiliar with the interminable history of the Kurts. But *Myrtle* is quite clear. You ought not to be, and probably won't be, satisfied with reading it once. I recommend the first reading to be gulped down. A short book, full as an egg. You rush through it, having no end of fun. Later on your holiday, when your brains begin to revive, you will wonder what, if anything, it means, and suspect that behind these bright glimpses of Myrtle's friends and lovers lies a deeper purpose; what might be called an entire philosophy. But sufficient for the day . . . Enjoy *Myrtle* now, and afterward, if you like, analyze it.

CLARISSA. You mean there are two planes?

FRANK. Let us avoid these geometrical metaphors. I mean that *Myrtle* is superficially a good book, and that if you ever want to go deeper into it, to place it as an installment of the Kurt Chronicles, you will not be disappointed. And that's that. What next?

CLARISSA. I have been sitting in the sun up till now. I go on sitting in the sun. But not being one of those people who like novels as novels, I want something more — I can hardly say intellectual — mathematical? You see, I have reached the stage when people do acrostics and chess problems and crossword puzzles. What do I read now?

FRANK. It is too soon to read *Myrtle* again. There's *Streamers Waving*. It 's about a spinster, and how she dies, and so on. Not the least compliment paid to its author was that so many of us reviewers called him Miss Kitchin.

CLARISSA. What did the spinster read mainly?

FRANK. Aldous Huxley and Virginia Woolf, and very intelligently too. Which brings me to Mrs. Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*.

CLARISSA. I've got as far as that?

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FRANK. I think so. It 's beautifully written, and its cleverness is almost glaring. . . .

CLARISSA. Pretty?

FRANK. No, not at all. Quite lovely, and rather beautiful. And, as we used to say thirty years ago, with more *maquillage* than the bones could bear.

CLARISSA. To tell you the honest truth, my dear, which you must beware of repeating to anyone else, I am at times bored by the too utterly intellectualist person who outrages all the canons of form and color to show how cleverly he can do it.

FRANK. You can't make that an objection against *Mrs. Dalloway*, because —

CLARISSA. No, I can't. Mrs. Woolf can be too lovely for words. But a horrid example? In *Jacob's Room*, you know, she was often vulgar!

FRANK. At times. Yes . . . In *Mrs. Dalloway* she is n't . . . But I agree with you, on the whole. There is a Mr. Sackville West who has written a book called *Piano Quintet*. It would have been so much better a book if he had not in language now absurdly pretentious, and now emotionally pertinent, betrayed the fact that while writing from his heart he was no less anxious to observe the fashions of feminine chitchat.

CLARISSA (*picking up her pencil*). Do you —

FRANK. Yes, read it.

CLARISSA. I've put it down. And now, for the end of my holiday, what do you suggest?

FRANK. By then, I think, you should be ready to sustain a shock, ready, in short, to be taken by the scruff of the neck, and plunged into emotions not predominatingly erotic.

CLARISSA. You can hardly mean D. H. Lawrence . . .

FRANK. No, his last novelettes do not belong to his best work. I mean *The Day of Atonement* and *Harvest in Poland*, to which some add, though I do not, *My Name Is Legion*. I dare not recommend *The Day of Atonement* to tired dentists like yourself, until you are refreshed by salt winds, and I must admit that its author has been unable to make equally potent all the parts of his design. But it is very nearly a great book; and to find any scene in modern fiction as powerful as that in which the learned Jew, Eli, confesses to his wife Leah his Christianity would exhaust the knowledge of the most learned student of fiction. Poor Golding has the misfortune to be, at one and the same time, intense, humorous, and thoughtful. Therefore, it will take him some years before he rivals in fame the novelists who are securely only one of these three things. . . .

CLARISSA. Yes, yes. And the other fellow?

FRANK. Dennis's faults are different. It is in design that Golding seems to fail, but Dennis is weak on detail. His *Mary Lee* was admirably written —

CLARISSA. Oh, that's the man. Admirably written, indeed.

FRANK. But *Harvest in Poland* is full of bad jokes, and the roughness of its surface has led some people to compare it with the works of William Le Queux, and others to ignore it. You must put up with Dennis's mannerisms.

CLARISSA. At the end of my holiday, I can.

FRANK. Then do! It is unfashionable to be interested either in God or the Devil. If you have the luck to retain your interest in either, you will agree that no novel newly published can rival *The Day of Atonement* and *Harvest in Poland*.

CLARISSA. But I want to be amused, not jabbed in the eye with a burned stick.

FRANK. Wait a while, do. You 'll be stronger soon.

CLARISSA. Is this list all right? Tell me if there 's anything wanting.

FRANK. There are a lot more names I could give you.

CLARISSA. These will do.

FRANK. Of course, if you insist, I will say no more. Some time or other you will have to read Mr. Brett Young's *Seahorses*, and it would be foolish of you to ignore the excellent series now being produced by Mr. Archibald Marshall, and . . .

CLARISSA. Thank you! I've quite enough names. I can fill up with detective stories.

FRANK. Talking about detective stories, Ronald Knox has written one no less amusing than witty. It is called —

CLARISSA. Let it be. I can find out that sort of thing for myself. Is there any good book you have overlooked?

FRANK. Several, no doubt.

CLARISSA. Aside from established authors, is there anyone you can honestly recommend?

FRANK. Try *The Twelve Saints*. By Ruth Manning-Sanders. Christophers. 7*s*. 6*d*.

CLARISSA. Where do you put it?

FRANK. As a good, but rather blurred . . .

CLARISSA. Let's stop talking about books, shall we?

FRANK. And talk about?

CLARISSA. . . .

FRANK. !

BOOKS MENTIONED

DUHAMEL, GEORGES. *Civilisation*. New York: Century Company, 1919.

DUHAMEL, GEORGES. *New Book of Martyrs* (*Vie des Martyrs*). New York: Doran, 1918.

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* * *

In the October and November numbers of Scribner's Magazine, Douglas Freeman, editor of the Richmond (Va.) News-Leader, paints us a new, human, attractive portrait of Robert E. Lee.

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

"Lee and the Ladies" is one of the features of the October Scribner's Magazine. There are fifteen others — interesting, entertaining, informing.

* * *

We'll talk about the others next week and the week after. Facts rather than adjectives are our ammunition.

* * *

(And — if you've missed the September Scribner's Magazine, you've missed too much. A few news-stands may still have copies which are yours for the small sum of 35 cents.)

* * *

Make the mental note *now* not to miss "Lee and the Ladies" in the October Scribner's Magazine.

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